

**Special Features This Issue**  
"Rescue Minor at Coast House Week"  
"Wally's Collection of Sloop Rigged Canoes"

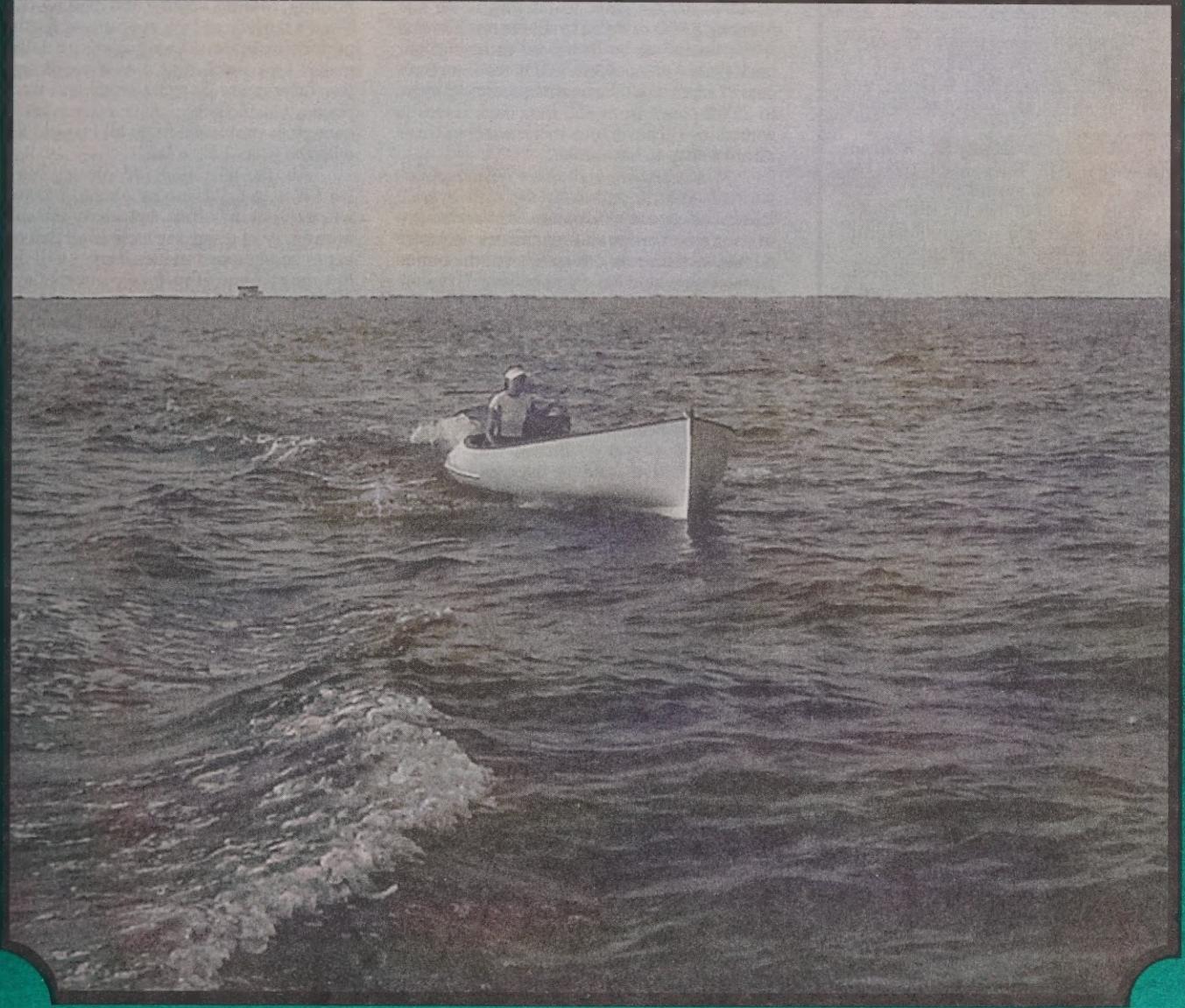
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# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 20 - Number 7

August 15, 2002



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## Looking Ahead...

Peter Bowser brings us a detailed report on the "Lake Champlain Maritime Museum's 14th Annual Small Boat Show"; including a look at "The Tyronaut";

Richard Kolin brings us more Pacific northwest history in "The Davis Family of Metlakatla, Alaska"; and Charlie Burnham follows up on our coverage of his Alewife project in the August 1 issue with details on how a river can be lost to boating in "The Upper Saugus River";

Lewis Payne regales us with his great adventure tale, "Cruising the Trunk of the Penobscot"; John Robinson takes us on a nostalgia trip back to "Pirate Island"; Bill Coolidge tells of "Three Boats and a Dog"; and Jack Hornung begins a short series on "Sailing on the Snake & Columbia Rivers";

Robb White gets deeply into "Boat Speed"; Bill Gamblin shows us "How to Make Rope Shackles"; and Phil Bolger & Friends have yet to reveal to us what they have planned.

## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



A recent phone call from an excited viewer of the website set up for us by By The Sea, seeking to buy a back issue, took a surprise turn when Jane told him to just mail us \$2 and we'd send him the issue he desired. "Mail money?" He was aghast, expecting us to have credit card arrangements for instant closing of the deal. He didn't want it badly enough to mail the money, I guess, as he failed to follow through to get our mail address. We do not use plastic as it is too costly (the card company takes a cut).

Another back issue inquiry came by email to my daughter wondering if we had *Messing About in Boats* available on CDs, and if not would we be interested in having our back issues scanned onto CDs for future access? I replied in the negative, scanning close to 2,000 pages from 450 plus back issues is something I'll never undertake, nor could ever afford to pay to have done.

*Messing About in Boats* is "print media", which is still far and away the main special interest information disseminating mechanism in use (newspapers and magazines are more numerous than ever), despite what the online population would have you believe. Even the internet advocates themselves have print media publications extolling the virtues of being online going out by US Mail. I have spent 43 years now in print media and I'm staying there until the end. Were I much younger and new at this game, I'd have to get online to be there when it does become the way it is done. Computers have not yet resulted in that vaunted "paperless office", and the internet has a way to go yet to render print communication irrelevant.

A while ago we decided to establish my daughter's business email address (at left) for inquiries about subscriptions since she handles all this for us and it would remove me from the role of handing on such inquiries to her. Online readers have discovered this and seized upon it as a way to reach the editor via email. More and more often she now hands on to me those awful email printouts in which the essential message is buried within a bunch of code and often bracketed with ads for things

I'd never ever find of interest. I answer these by regular US mail, I am not going to go sit at her computer to email my replies. There's little time saved either as these emails go into the daily stack of my correspondence slated for replies.

I much prefer to read my mail in a conventional letter format, free of all that online garbage, at a time convenient to me. I also prefer to write letters on my old Mac PowerPC and print them out on my 10 year old HP Laserjet. I am told how much time I could save by just emailing directly out of my Mac. No printing, folding, sealing and mailing chores. What's the hurry? I am not pressed for time, I prefer stress free scheduling of my days. No matter how much time I ever could save in tiny increments by using email and the telephone, it would never add up to anywhere near enough to enable me to do all I would like to with the years I have left.

Ah, the telephone. People tell me how hard it is to reach me by phone. I answer it when I'm in the office, but one of the charms of my way of doing business is all that time I get to be outdoors on nice days. I will not allow the pleasure of such enjoyment of my life to be interrupted by a cell phone. Nor do I have an answering machine, because I would have to return calls all over the country. Judging from those calls I do answer when I'm in the office, I'd not miss out on much.

Today's multitasking high speed folks seem to wish to be instantly accessible anytime, anywhere, so they won't miss out on anything. Aren't I afraid I might miss out on something important? No, I have long since learned that anyone who really needs to contact me will reach me, and being a bit hard to reach winnows out the non-essential communications. If it means writing a letter, most such potential contacts don't bother.

So, those of you who choose to email me via our subscription fulfillment email address please don't expect an email reply, I'll reply in a timely fashion by what is called snail mail. Curmudgeonly, perhaps, but my life's so much less hassled away from that instant communication mindset.

## On the Cover...

Jane White heads for Dog Island in husband Robb's just completed Rescue Minor. Robb has a rave report on the boat for us in this issue.

## Title Caught My Eye & Agreement

July 1 arrived yesterday with the item by Lawrence Harris. The title caught my eye and my agreement. The rest is his way of doing things, not mine.

I've built an occasional very small boat every now and then for the past 40 years. Everybody knows I'm too damn lazy to build boats. My alibi is that I glue one little joint and then go in and take a nap until the glue dries. I say "very small boats" because I found when you announce that you build boats people get visions of 50' twin diesel cruisers.

One of the great truths I've learned is that if you want a boat like you can buy, go buy it. It's faster, easier, cheaper. Mr. Harris obviously can't handle flat bottoms. Go buy, Mr. Harris. Many years ago I decided these glass, deep V, wee wee eight powered monsters were land-lubber boats. I'll do without, thanks.

To this day I've never bought marine grade ply. All I ever used was good old exterior AC shop ply until lauan underlayment came along. Last three or four boats have used that. I was probably the last to learn that lauan, which I'm not sure how to spell, used to be known as Phillipine mahogany and they built Chris Crafts out of it all those years.

Don't we all know that once you stamp any item either marine or aircraft grade the price triples?

Building a jig takes time and material. Most of these modern little boat plans don't even make provision for jigs. It'd take a bunch of time to figure out how to do it. Of course, when you get your jigless hull assembled it would be nice to have both sides the same before you apply epoxy and tape. But I thought that's what it's all about.

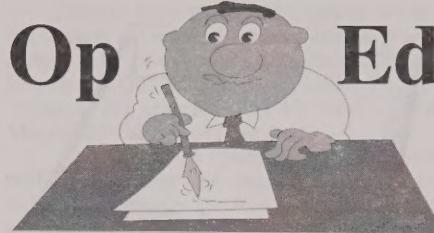
Michalak has the word on tools. Most of my boat building has been without power tools excepting sanders, a quarter inch drill, and a cheap jig saw. Now that I'm old and full of arthritis I splurged on a table saw a year ago. Now I wish I hadn't. I've never reduced myself to Michalak's hacksaw but most of those years I had so few tools people walking into my garage didn't believe I built anything. Used tools, in my view, are like used lawnmowers. Let somebody else have that bargain.

I helped a friend on a 33' Crowther tri many years ago. He had all those nice tools. His jig saw broke down and he made a cut with my cheapie. He was surprised how good it worked. I haven't thought about that tri in years. The builder is gone to his reward. He never said anything about speed but his wife said to me once, "We've never been passed!" By the way, I do have one of those angle things. Aren't they called bevel squares?

I have a copy of Dave Carnell's \$200 sailboat plan that I'm thinking of hornswogglng a 14 year old nephew into building. He lives on Grand Traverse Bay. Carnell has all the good stuff about using a SkilSaw to rip and cut ply. With a ply guide, of course.

My advice is to never buy anything until you're absolutely desperate for it. Can't comment on ply. There have been so many developments in ply since I bought much that I'm afraid to go look.

One last thing. I have a niece who is married to a real go getter who has degrees in both engineering and law and is, "voila", a patent attorney and makes bundles. I built a little Bolger boat for their kids and told my brother, her father, to be sure and mention that it was painted with latex house paint. He told me later



## Amateur Boatbuilding is Neither Easy, Inexpensive nor Quick...Responses

the patent man had a fit. Recently, five years later, he laughed when he told me the paint looks as good as when it was new.

Can't really comment on "building to high standards". What I've always tried to do was make sure the thing didn't leak or come apart. Epoxy is where it's at in those areas.

I'm now putting together a Challenger ultralight aircraft which I'll also paint with latex house paint. You want to see some horrid looks, mention that to your friends.

Ron Laviolette, St. Ignace, MI

### In Disagreement

I find myself in disagreement with some of the points made by Lawrence J. Harris in "Amateur Boat Building is Neither Easy, Inexpensive, nor Quick", although most of his points are well taken and often ignored.

I can't imagine anyone recommending the use of drywall screws for permanent fastenings. However, they are very useful as temporary fastenings when aligning and holding parts which are to be glued together, such as fitting beveled parts which can be difficult to hold with clamp. I recommend the use of drywall screws when assembling my 11' mini dory, Dorita, but only to hold things while the epoxy cures, after which they are removed and recycled into the "clamp" bin. Whether one used silicone bronze, stainless steel, or galvanized screws in this application, they would be superfluous as they serve no structural function once the epoxy has cured. As the exterior of the hull is later covered with fiberglass and epoxy, the holes made by the screws are easily filled.

Mr. Lawrence states that: "Many sellers of plans tout the idea that you don't need a jig or frames to build their "instant boats". Ask Dynamite Payson how many hundreds of his customers have built boats successfully without jigs. While a strongback must be used for a complex shape and larger plywood boats, for many single plywood boats constructing a jig would be a waste of time and materials.

The sides on Dorita, for example, are simply bent around her two center frames (formed into a box and clamped temporarily to a couple of saw horses or a bench). There are not many ways a sheet of plywood can be bent. As long as the builder brings everything together on a center line, the shape defines itself and the jig, the frames, becomes a permanent part of the boat.

The notion that rather than building a "cheap" boat one would be better off buying a used clunker fails to acknowledge the reason most "amateur" builders want to build a boat in the first place. It's not to save money or to "have a boat" but to have a unique boat they built with their own hands, be it a plywood box or a wineglass-stem Whitehall. The point is not whether one or the other is "easy, inexpensive, and quick", as opposed to "difficult, expensive, and time consuming", it is the satisfaction of building and the joy of using a boat one has built with the best craftsmanship one can muster.

Ted Jones, Gundalow Boat Shop, Ossipee, NH

### Should Be Committed

I must wholeheartedly concur with the comments of Lawrence Harris in your 1 July issue, regarding boat building. As a retiree with limited income (SS + ) and needing a boat, I opted for a Bolger/Payson Zephyr, as it allowed the use of the sail, spars, rudder, etc. from an old foam plastic boat that died of old age. I had never built a boat before (and probably will not ever do it again), so I studied the plans carefully, estimated the cost of all materials and proceeded with the project.

It took me two years to build the hull alone, after correcting many mistakes and reworking many things. The total cost was at least 50% more than I had planned. Even now, I am not certain that it will float or balance correctly, but I am committed, as perhaps I should be for attempting this "Instant Boat"

Neil Folsom, Standish, ME

### Cheap Materials

I agree with Lawrence Harris for the most part about amateur boat building. I built a boat with cheap materials once to test a design. It worked pretty good, but I had to turn down offers of hard cash because I was afraid it would fall apart and drown someone. I cut it in half and took it to the dump.

William Ford, Tigard, OR

### Nothing Instant About It

I agree 100% with L.J. Harris in July 1 issue on amateur boat building. There is nothing instant about it, particularly if you are trying to do a good job. However, it is fun and very satisfying to turn out a good looking little craft.

Ron McIrvin, Wrangell, AK

### Right on Target

I think Lawrence J. Harris is right on target. I built one of Phil Bolger's designs (had it out on the upper Hudson River today) sold by Dynamite Payson. It wasn't instant for me and I used marine plywood and an aluminum extension ladder on sawhorses as a strongback to keep it true until the glue dried.

It was a lot more work than Dynamite said, a hell of a lot more. I used all the tools Lawrence listed plus more and a lot of clamps too. It took me seven months of spare time to build it. In the end I have a great boat that is rather heavy, and cost more than a factory boat would have for a 15' fishing boat. It tracks as true as a die in the water and will turn on a dime at any speed the 25hp Evinrude will get it up.

I have an article about building it in the works for MAIB.

Steve Decker, Queensbury, NY

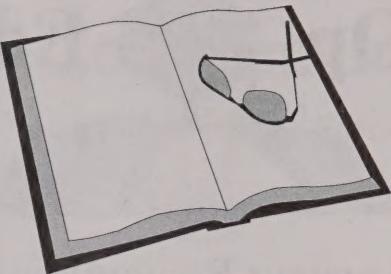
Between the Pacific Ocean and the coast mountains and latitude 55 to 60 degrees is a 100 mile wide by 500 mile long area of inland seas, straits and islands without number. This part of the USA is called Southeast (SE) Alaska. Some islands like Prince of Wales are large, 125 miles long, and some are tiny, just big enough for a light station like Five Finger Island in Frederick Sound. The land is wooded heavily with evergreens; shorelines can be gentle, but most rise sharply. Larger islands are mountainous in their interiors and the shorelines contain many, many coves and inlets. Towns and settlements are widespread with small populations, and travel between towns is by boat or plane. This is SE Alaska, a beautiful wild country of land and water with abundant fish and wildlife.

Weather in the summer months is decent with high temperatures in the 60s and low 70s with few storms, so there is a considerable amount of good water and travel by boat is easy. But in the fall, conditions change as big lows form in the north Pacific and begin sending gale after gale across the region. Temperatures drop, and by winter the rain can turn to snow. During these times, there is much less good water and the big Pacific swells coupled with the storms and strong tides can make for very tough boat travel indeed.

During the early 1900s the population was scattered in SE Alaska even more than today with many small settlements with few people, in addition to the small towns. Today it is mostly small towns. It was in this setting that the U.S. Postal Service delivered the mail by boat. It was a time when airplanes were still being developed and even with the planes, the mailboats were more reliable in reaching the many little outlying post offices in bad weather. Also, the mailboats could carry bulky and heavy packages and freight more cost effectively, helping to sustain the little settlements.

This book is the story of the *Yakobi*, which was a stout wooden mailboat 50' in length, built in 1917 and powered by a D-8 Caterpillar diesel engine. The *Yakobi* delivered mail once a week on the Alexander run. It was a trip of 600 miles. It is also the story of the *Yakobi*'s captain, Walt Sperl, who made this mail run every week summer, fall, winter and spring for 23 years ending in 1963.

The mail route began in Juneau, traveling south on Stephens Passage to Frederick Sound, then south to Petersburg, from Petersburg north and west through Frederick Sound to Chatham Straits, then south to Point Alexander, near the southern tip of Baranof Island, the southernmost point of the run, then back to Juneau, stopping at settlements on the



## Book Review

### In The Wake of An Alaskan Mailboat

#### Life and Trials Along A Sea-Going Mail Route

By Dennis Sperl  
Gorham Printing, Rochester, WA  
2001, \$30

Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

opposite shore, arriving in Juneau in 4 days if all went well, which was rare. Taku Harbor, Windham Bay, Entrance Island, Kake, Warm Springs Bay, Port Walter are a sampling of the little settlements that were served.

The *Yakobi* sailed with a deckhand, and they were hard to find and hard to keep, as the job and conditions were certainly no picnic. But Capt. Sperl's best hand of all was Mrs. Sperl, who besides being wife and mother to their 4 children, would help on the *Yakobi* all she could. In fact, the children, particularly as they grew older, and their mother were Capt. Sperl's best crew. In the summer when school was out, the whole family would take the *Yakobi* on the 600 mile mail route.

The author of this book is Dennis Sperl, the captain's son. Dennis grew up on the *Yakobi* and was a senior in high school in 1961, two years before the *Yakobi* and Walt Sperl retired from the postal service when the mailboat route was terminated. Today Dennis lives in Petersburg where he commercially fishes for salmon and shrimp, and writes.

The mailboat run could be very pleasant

in the summer, but in the fall and winter months the route could be tough. Strong Pacific storms with high wind and big tides produced heavy seas and there was fog, uncharted rocks and at times icebergs to contend with. This was before radar, and the *Yakobi* was navigated with compass, depth sounder and Capt. Sperl's 6th sense, which was very good. Here are some quotes from the *Yakobi*'s log:

12/8/48: Strong Taku wind blowing! Chopped ice at Taku Harbor. Tried to make it across at night but was forced back. Chopped more ice in morning and successfully made it across, 60-65 knot winds. Quite a bit of ice! Glad to be back in Juneau.

11/7/57: Twenty foot following sea up Baranof shore. Smoking white rushing by pilothouse windows. Lost skiff and 5 full fuel drums off aft deck no chance to retrieve them! Can't take hands off the wheel.

11/16/61: Finally turned into the safety of Taku. Still very rough, the major storm has passed. Whole gale to 100 knots washing away Graves Pt. Light! Structure was 15' above high water.

And there were easier times:

5/24/49: Though we are behind schedule, Alice Wilde up and waiting with coffee and cake refreshments at 2:20am.

And a little hunting too:

11/24/62: Twenty-four deer aboard, hunting okay last two days. Quieter in the woods, calls working well. Four Deer apiece, they limited out!

Dennis Sperl, who made many trips on the *Yakobi* with his family while growing up, not only writes of the trials of operating the mailboat during the 600 mile trip, but introduces us to the different people (some characters) along the mail route, their stories and lifestyle. We meet "Tiger" Olson, Sandy "No-Pants" Wilson, Happy Carlson Brothers, Edna Price, a stalwart lady, Gertrude Birch, the catalog bride, and Ken Davis, a tough fisherman, to name a few. With pictures and description we learn of the different enterprises along the way, such as the Five Finger Island Coast Guard Station, a tough spot to serve, a fox farm, a herring reduction plant and small logging camps.

The book totals 303 pages, has 147 good black and white photos covering the complete subject, and is divided into 38 chapters, making it a nice book to read. Dennis is a good storyteller, and intermingled in the stories are a few short stories told in verse. Not being a good judge of verse, all I can say is that for me they were easily read and told the tale well. The book has sketches and sections of charts included to help the reader follow the route. This is the only area for improvement, a better overall chart of the Alexander run would have been helpful.

I enjoyed the book a great deal. It is a true story, it is written with feeling for the subject by one who knows his subject, and the book is dedicated to the author's mother and dad (Capt. Sperl) who are alive today. It is a story well told, it is exciting and gives a good glimpse of a very interesting life on the water, not an easy way to make a living, and of Southeast Alaska not so very long ago, one of the most unique areas in the United States.

The book is available for \$30 (includes shipping and handling) directly from the author: Dennis Sperl, Box 921, Petersburg, AK 99833, (907) 772-4741, <dwsperl@hotmail.com>

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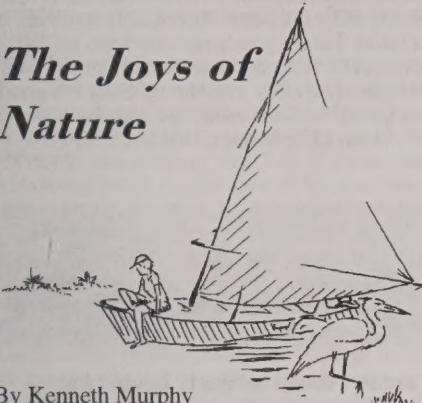
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## The Joys of Nature



By Kenneth Murphy

### The River Otter



After 35 years of messing about in boats I finally got to see my first pair of river otters! As so many times before, the Bay Hen gave me a perfect "blind" from whence to observe. It was early morning and I was preparing breakfast. I've long since stopped the habit of listening to the radio while anchored, preferring instead the splash of fish and songs of the birds, but mostly the quiet.

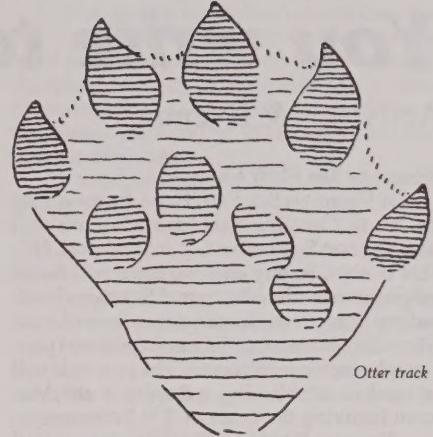
On this particular morning I heard a rapid staccato of chirps and looked across the creek. There, about forty feet away a dark head was pushing through the water. I unzipped the Bay Hen's tent to get an unobstructed view and whipped out the binoculars. My movement must have been seen because two heads poked out of the water carried by foot long necks. I focused the binoculars and got my first view of river otter. I watched them splash and play. They seemed to be having such a good time in the water. Occasionally they would make their chirping sounds, finally disappearing in a mass of downed tree limbs.

I had to learn more and found in our local library, *A Guide to Animal Tracking and Behavior*, by Donald and Lillian Stokes; Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1986. The accompanying illustrations by Leslie Holt Morrill are taken from the guide.

A river otter is a surprisingly large animal, three to four feet long not including its tail and weighing as much as 30 pounds. When in the water all you see is its head and a bit of its back, so you think its smaller than it really is. Its tracks are about 3 inches wide and 4 inches long. The tracks are large and distinctive with their five claw marks. Careful observation along the sandy margins of river, lake, or creek for the otter's tracks will alert you to their presence. —h r 1

I brought up my observations about this pair of otters to John Page Williams, Jr., the Chesapeake Bay naturalist, while he was giving a talk at the last Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival at the St. Michaels Maritime Museum. He had some further observations about this special creature. He had always thought that the river otter was rare in Chesapeake country until he was taught to recognize the animal's scat. Otters like to leave their scat in selected prominent spots, mainly near the water's edge. They are 6 to 7 inches long and 3/4 inches in diameter. They contain fish scales and the

*Judy and Jake Millar splash in Woodland Creek, just off the Miles River on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The otters were observed at the very end of the creek, which is seen in the upper left of the photo. Jake is handing off a refreshment to Judy after she had dog paddled all over the creek on the air mattress (she totally ignored the jelly fish). I count these two as having the otter's spirit and love of water.*



bones of fish, frogs, snakes, turtles, and crayfish. Mr. Williams frequently observes otter scat over the entire Chesapeake water shed.

Mr. Williams then asked the audience a very curious question, "What would you rather be, an osprey, a great blue heron or an otter?" I knew instantly what he was getting at. The otter's love of the water and its playfulness had been revealed to me, so I answered, without hesitation, "an otter."

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Simmons Sea Skiff Expo

A Simmons Sea Skiff Expo sponsored by the North Carolina Maritime Museum will take place on September 6-8 at Southport, NC. This is not a beauty contest, there will be no judging or awards. All original Simmons boats and replicas are welcome, regardless of condition. Simmons related memorabilia and photographs are also welcomed. The proceeds will be used in establishing a display at the Museum featuring the boats of T.N. Simmons.

Tommy Robbins, Bolivia, NC, (910) 2153-4272

### Rowing Races on the Thames River

Traditional small craft rowing races on a 6 mile course on the Thames River at New London, Connecticut will be part of Sail New London's Boats, Books, and Brushes Weekend at 10:30am on September 7, with classes for oar on gunwale gigs, wherries, workboats, dories and skiffs.

As with OpSail2000 and Sail New London 2001, Thames River traffic includes significant Coast Guard, Navy, and commercial craft as well as numerous private yachts. Our small-craft activity will be well west of the main Thames River and Sound channels, but skippers must keep careful watch to stay well clear and not insist on right-of-way privileges.

#### Small-Craft Race Contacts:

<jon.persson@snet.net>  
<jpstrattan@snet.net>  
<grconklin@snet.net>  
<fruzzy@hotmail.com>  
(860) 388-2343, (860) 434-2534, (860) 434-7785.

### Silver Anniversary Boat Show

September 6-8 will highlight the Antique & Classic Boat Club Niagara Frontier Chapter's Silver Anniversary Boat Show. The Buffalo Launch Club is our host as they have been for many, many years. It has the distinction of being the oldest powerboat club in the world, having been founded in 1904. It has mingled its old world charm with modern day conveniences and offers visitors a top-notch location for viewing boats as well as running their boats.

Those attending will be spending their days on the water and Friday and Saturday evenings partying and swapping old boat stories. Sunday morning, a locally guided convoy of boats will enjoy a 26 mile run around Grand Island or trek upriver to check out the headwaters of the Niagara River and the eastern end of Lake Erie.

Alan Frederick, Registration Chairman, NFA&BC, 588 Sweeney St., N. Tonawanda, NY 14120, (716) 692-3611, <fredmach@buffnet.net>

### Snowed Out

On May 18 and 19 we were scheduled to run our 24th Annual Manley Cup Sail Canoe NYS South Central NY Sail Canoe Division Championships for the 44sf ACA and Class C

55sf sailing canoes. Unfortunately we scheduled this event earlier than usual and because of a snowfall and 50 degree water temperature, we were forced to abandon the event and re-schedule it for Sept 7th and 8th, which will be too early for snow, and the water will still be quite warm.

Although the races were not held, we did have a great get together with an outdoor fire for warmth and a fine Italian dinner at Aiellos in Whitney Point. The stalwart canoe sailors came from Maine, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Delaware and perhaps I've missed a state or so as they have done for the last 23 years, and they will all be back at the Dorchester Park Reservoir this September when we should have even more contestants and undoubtedly better sailing conditions.

Chuck Durgin, 4 Millard Ave., Binghamton, NY 13905-4316

### Information Needed...

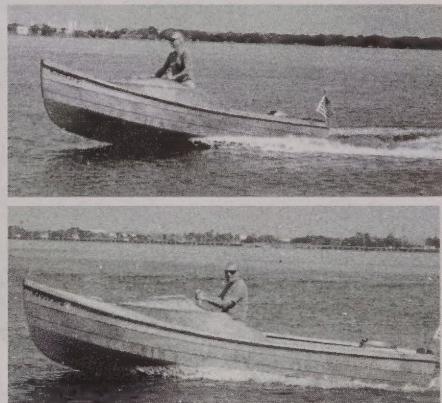
#### Looking for Victoria

I seek the address of the Victoria Boat Mfg. Co to obtain information on their line of sailing craft 18-28'. I am (sort of) looking for a swing or shoal draft keelboat that can be trailer launched from a ramp.

Has anyone experimented with jet drive for sailing craft. I'm curious.

Bruce C. Gorton, 374074 200Q, P.O. Box 466, Alamo, GA 30411-0466

### Projects...



#### Handy-Billy Revisited

Here are pictures of my 18' Handy-Billy constructed of 1/4" plywood (350lbs hull weight), powered by a 25hp Yamaha (100lbs). One picture shows full speed, probably too fast but it feels stable. The other picture shows the boat at 1/2 speed, which for me is a good cruising speed. She uses about one gallon per hour at this speed. This boat would be perfect with a 15hp 4 stroke (100lbs).

I would like to make a comparison based on my experience. I also have an 18' Simmons Sea Skiff constructed light weight (350lbs). The Simmons at full speed bounced and

pounded as compared to Handy-Billy. For my use in fairly rough water (Delaware River) the Handy-Billy is a better choice, although harder to build. Please you Simmons fans, no nasty comments. Both boats are excellent for their designed purposes. The Handy-Billy is a good sea kindly boat for moderate speeds.

John Longbottom, Haddonfield, NJ



#### Couldn't Resist an Early Launching

I'm enclosing evidence of progress on my Vespa sailing canoe, the photo shows me and our friend, Nancy, paddling near my house. I couldn't resist launching the 44lb hull for a trial; now I'm working on the deck and rig.

I used Tom Hill's *Ultralight Boat-building*. His system seems to work quite well. I also found that the VHS video tape, *Ultralight Boatbuilding With Thomas J. Hill*, produced by the Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT, 06894, to be indispensable and entertaining.

I first saw a Rushton Vespa back in 1979 at the Thousand Islands Shipyard Museum in Clayton, NY (now the Antique Boat Museum. Ed.). I contacted them before embarking on this project to ask about a few details, and they cordially offered help, but I found that I'd made notes and ticked off dimensions when I first saw, (and was enchanted by) this sailing canoe.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley,

### Opinions...

#### Free at Sea

It is easier to go along with the crowd; to conform, to knuckle under, to be a good sport and to do your duty. To mow the grass and do yard work. To be free has never been easy. It requires effort and courage. A person must work to escape the rat race and multitudinous social (and unsocial) pressures ashore. These we have in our modern lives galore. The world is too much with us. As my friend Tim said, "Yeah, there are times when you gotta not do the things you're supposed to do."

When I ship out is when I feel most free. The sea has no stop signs, no speed limits, no crosswalks, no no parking signs, no must turn rights, no left onlys, no stops, no gos, no slows, no merges, no yields, no this-at these times, no that-at those times, ad nauseum. And no stinking traffic jams. None. Very few traffic cops, let's hear it for under-funding the USCG!

Obviously there is precious little freedom left on the highway. Driving the local mad rush freeway, when it's not jammed, is more like close order combat with trucks acting like tanks and you in your tiny car, a foot soldier. The sea offers peace and quiet. At sea with your cell phone turned off you are away. Free at last. You are at the last bastion of freedom!

There is a price to pay of course, in safety consciousness, cash, and popularity. If one is sloppy or careless, his freedom at sea might be an exit to Davy Jones's locker. The three Green Berets who drowned recently at Willapa

Bay bar, (apparently the breakers scared them and they tried to swim to shore), are grisly reminders of the price of foolishness and inexperience at sea.

The price in cash needs no comment here.

The social price may well be the highest fee exacted; one's popularity may plummet as he is seen doing the unusual thing, not conforming, not playing the 9 to 5 game, not knuckling under for the sake of his company, or his family, his church, club, school, fraternity, community, political party, baseball team, etc., ad nauseum. The nonconformist must bear the burden of freedom. But this is nothing new, the revolutionary free spirit always has had to contend with the majority who don't comprehend or don't have the courage to try to escape. Social pressures to conform are subtle and are everywhere. Even the well meaning spouse who makes you feel just a little guilty for enjoying your boat creates a high pressure over time, which, like the weather, athlete's foot, and taxes, has to be overcome.

Courage to declare one's freedom is required at many levels; to put all shore-side obligations on hold, to tell the world firmly to wait, or more honestly, to go to hell, to prepare for the trip, and finally to untie all lines and shove off. The boat is doubtless less than perfect, but it is good enough and if you know her faults you can compensate. If she leaks take a bilge pump along. Hell, take one even if she doesn't leak. The sea is a stern taskmaster, but a fair one.

It is refreshing and more; yes essential, for the free man to periodically escape the pressure cooker modern world. Hooray for the boat which makes freedom and sanity possible!

Jeff Douthwaite, Seattle, WA, Skipper Luard

### Robb's Right on Target

I just finished Robb White's article on dinghies, and as usual he is right on target. Those inflatable RIB dinks are great for zooming around and diving off of, as long as the motor runs and the gas holds out. I think their real popularity lies in their ability to get a drunken sailor home safely. But give me a real rowing/sailing dink every time, they'll outlast an inflatable by decades.

Robb's article brought a few suggestions to mind:

I always tow my dink with polypropylene (i.e. floating) line. That way I can't back down on the thing and wind the painter around my prop (something that only happens in a crowded anchorage with a big audience). The horsey crowd makes a nice multi-strand polypropylene braid that both ties well and will stay cleated. It comes in a 5/8" diameter and is available at many hardware stores. Apparently horses don't like the taste of polypropylene.

I like to tow my dink with two painters, one fastened to each quarter of the mother ship. This stops the towed boat from roaming around so much, and saves a hump if one of the lines wears through (we've learned the hard way that you can sail for hours without ever looking astern).

If you want to put a big motor on a pram or small skiff and try to plane the thing, one neat trick is to make bolt-on sponsons for the stern. Make two rectangular tack and tape boxes, about 16" long that match the boat and

leave room for the outboard between them. The motor stays bolted to the original transom. The sponsons prevent squatting as you accelerate, and help float that big engine at rest too. They can be made to remove quickly, so that you can still stow the dink on deck.

For clear water cruising (i.e. the Bahamas), a polycarbonate window in the bottom of the boat lets us see the fish and nice coral formations (just like a glass bottomed bucket). Great for scouting lobsters, since we can look for the telltale antennas, sticking out from under the coral.

I'd still like to know what trick Robb uses to tow his dinks in big following seas? There's nothing so disconcerting to me as having my tender come riding in over the transom on a big comber. So we still put the thing on deck whenever we head "outside".

Steve Axon, Salt Lake City, UT

### Club Notes...

#### CROPC Summer Schedule Underway

The Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club summer schedule is now underway. Herewith are pertinent details:

**The Beach:** Club visitors to the riverside HQ at Seth Persson Boatbuilders yard will find a sandy expanse of beach on the south shore where a few of our club craft will be posted for the launch/retrieval convenience of the membership. The launch point offers access to the river mouth (ca. 3 miles), estuaries (ca. 1 mile), islands (1/2 mile) and Essex coves (ca. 3 miles). Members and guests are strongly encouraged to use this direct river access with club boats or their own craft.

**Dollies:** To make launching from the South Beach easier for our larger boats, we're creating a dolly or two which will make one or two-person boat handling easier. These will be built around donut spare-tires and the design provided by George Spragg.

**Tables:** In club tradition, hanging about before/after an outing is always fun and we're working on some donations of picnic table(s), grills, and other amenities. Anything to donate? Just let us know and/or drop it off.

**The Boat Shed:** Just west of the beach stands the Boat Shed, which was the scene of a few club boat restoration projects a few years ago. It's being cleared out and fixed up. The shed should allow short-term indoor dry storage for projects underway, such as the A-17s, and access to electrical power for tools. In conjunction with the shed upgrades, we'll try to build some form of secure storage for our new Shaw and Tenney oars and other gear, so they will be kept near the boats for convenience.

**A-17 Completion:** The two club Atlantic 17 boats are nearing completion but there is a bit of sanding, some epoxy work, and painting to be done. These boats will hold two adults under oars and are light, safe, and seaworthy on the river, perfect for picnic and sightseeing.

**Maintenance:** Along these lines, our other, larger vessels (*Freshet*, *Apogee*, *Perigee*, *Current*) are in need of some touchup work, though they are generally fine. *Current*, though, requires a to-the-wood sanding of the keel area and fresh glass and epoxy along that critical seam.

OK, Fun Stuff: Tuesday and Thursday

#### End Up in Collages

Your journal is entertaining and informative. I am proud to have my comic strip featured within its pages. I keep copies of *Messing About in Boats* in my fourth grade classroom and share them with students. Some of the photos often end up in collages and other projects they create.

Robert Summers, "Shiver Me Timbers", Hiram, OH

#### Small Shows More Fun

I appreciated your recent commentary on the value of smaller, less commercial gatherings which feature the smaller boats and the amateur or small scale builders. Those shows are more fun for the spectator as well as the exhibitors.

Jim Martin, Ashland, OR

evening rows will begin now at the Persson yard. Drop by between 6pm and 6:30pm, put a boat in the water, and head out wherever the wind and tide seem to dictate. Refreshments afterward or aboard and underway.

**Beach Parties and Outings:** Last summer's party at Peter Androsko's Westbrook cottage-on-the-sound was very enjoyable and offered good eats and talk and outings on the water under paddle, oar, and sail. On August 24, we'll have a get-together at the new South Beach, with some river outings around Calves Island and in the local estuaries. Plan on stopping by for some boat-chat, the club will provide some goodies, but plan to bring a pot-luck dish and a favorite small (hand-launchable) boat.

Interested readers are invited to join us at any of our gatherings and learn about our club and what it has to offer the small boat enthusiast.

Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club/TSCA, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook CT 06475, (860) 388-2343, [www.tsca.net/cropc](http://www.tsca.net/cropc), [<jpn.person@snet.net>](mailto:<jpn.person@snet.net>), [<jpstratton@snet.net>](mailto:<jpstratton@snet.net>), [<grconkin@snet.net>](mailto:<grconkin@snet.net>)

**Editor Comments:** From time to time I will undertake to publish here portions of small craft club newsletters which I feel illustrate the nature of the club's activities and interests, with an eye to attracting new members to those clubs so featured. Interested clubs should send me their newsletters, a number already do so.

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I went sailing today. There was nothing particularly spectacular about it. I just took a low key, largely uneventful "mini-adventure". If you are like me, you let work and responsibility get in the way of doing things that are good for the soul. I carved the time out of an otherwise busy schedule on the spur of the moment, and by telling this story intend to encourage others to do the same.

We don't expect days to be windy and warm early on a June morning here in southwestern Virginia, but that is what happened this Saturday. We have had our 1985 Catalina 22 for ten years. The C-22 has been widely criticized by knowledgeable sailors for numerous flaws including its swing keel (basically a 550lb iron centerboard), inefficient use of interior space and lack of blue water capabilities. The flaws in the boat's perceived design have not kept Catalina Yachts from selling around fifteen thousand of these tough little cruisers, though. We have used ours many times and I will say that in spite of certain compromises made in the name of marketing and cost control we have been really happy with the boat.

This year I was particularly late getting down to Smith Mountain Lake for my first sail of the season. Our kids are growing up and keeping us busier than ever, so sailing time is limited. I usually pull the boat out of the water in the fall and trailer it home to do some basic maintenance and repair work. It trailers very easily. I try to wait until the wind and water at the lake are just too cold to make sailing enjoyable before I winterize. The fall of 2001 saw some record low water levels at Smith Mountain Lake. The water was so low that I was unable to get my trailer down the ramp and into the water deep enough to get the boat on it. The boat, therefore got to spend the winter in the water at its slip, safely tied up. I checked on things a couple of times over the winter, but all was snug and dry. That boat has never leaked a drop.

The wind was blowing briskly at 5:30am on June the first. I had experienced a busy week at work and was planning on sleeping late, but the boat was calling me. My wife must think I am off my rocker. I bounced out of bed and into old clothes, ready for action.

Ever since I can recall, I have loved this time of year. Summer is settling in and school is getting out. I have not gone to school for twenty-five years and I still get excited at the prospect of school getting out. Our kids seem busier in the summer than I recall being, but there is still a sense of lazy good cheer that settles over the family and makes everything seem more relaxed.

One of my favorite things to do in the summer, pre-wife and kids, was to plan short trips around Virginia and sometimes beyond

## I Went Sailing Today

By Hugh J. Hagan III

"Never put off 'til tomorrow what you can do day after tomorrow just as well."  
(Samuel L. Clemens)

to visit friends and family. These trips were always best if done on the spur of the moment. I always traveled in the same car, my 1965 Rangoon Red Mustang Fastback with the four-speed transmission and 225 HP "A-code" engine. I paid \$800 for that car and I still drive it all the time. It has gone 250,000 miles and is still going strong. Back then, more often than not, the trips were down to the coast from our home in the mountains of southwestern Virginia. Sometimes I would go to Virginia Beach and sometimes to the Chesapeake Bay, but almost always to the water. These trips were generally marked by a sense of adventure. Will the car make it? What is the weather going to do? Who will I meet along the way? Great, low key adventure.

The same sense of adventure perfuses this morning of June first. Today, I will take my thirty year-old VW Bug just to throw in the feeling of uncertainty as to my arrival at the lake. I load my deep cycle battery and the boat's refinished tiller into the trunk of the Bug. Shorts and floppy hat go in the bag. I crank her up and buzz off down the drive and out the lane.

The back roads to the lake are rural and peaceful. There is nobody out, a fact that always surprises and delights me at the same time. The trip down to the lake takes about 50 minutes. I have to climb Windy Gap Mountain and go through the pass that drops down into Franklin County. The climb up is a steep, second gear climb, but the Bug sings along. It has done much better since I put those dual carbs on it. Descending the far side leaves me thinking about the last brake job I did. All is fine, though and I can see Smith Mountain in the distance. The trees are shaking back and forth as the unusually stiff morning breeze shows the undersides of the leaves.

The route turns left at Burnt Chimney, Virginia. I have looked for the burnt chimney every trip for years and have seen several, but I am never sure which is the correct stack. I pass Booker T. Washington's birthplace on the right and shortly thereafter turn right for the last run to the water.

When I arrive at our sailing club, the gate is locked and nobody is there. Miraculously, the combination to the lock comes into my head. Have you ever noticed how combinations can only be recalled when you are actually looking at the lock in question? The Bug crunches down the gravel track to the pier where our C-22 is docked. When I shut down the Bug's engine, the only sound is the whistling of the breeze through the rigging of the moored keelboats tied up in adjacent slips, and the chatter of the jays in the treetops scolding each other. It was a beautiful morning.

Whenever I arrive at our pier, I half expect to see just the tip of my mast sticking up out of the water. Fortunately, the Catalina floats level on its lines and all is well. It is only the work of a few minutes to walk my gear down the pier to the boat, release the spring line and get everything on board. I remove the cover from the engine and open the hatch, and the boat starts to wake up. I suspect that most folks like me who have a small boat might experience some anxiety when the hatches are first opened in the spring. Who (or what) has taken up residence in the boat in your absence?

I always creep inside with some caution looking for varmints. Sometimes the wasp or hornet nest is easily visible. More often it is not and is only discovered when the angry pests attack me. This time there is no visible occupation and I let my guard down. No sooner done than when I am up in the bow opening the forward hatch, the damn wasps descend and a profanity laced retreat follows. There is a nest on the port side on the chain plate. A touch and go Raid on the wasp nest follows and I finally run the devils out.

The engine has been silent for six months. I appropriately prepared it for the winter with plugs removed and oil squirted in each of the two cylinders before replacing the plugs. This Honda four stroke is the nicest outboard I have ever had. I hook up the gas line (fresh gas) and squeeze the bulb a few times. Choke pulled out and one pull on the cord and the engine starts instantly and settles into a smooth idle. Say what you will, the Japanese have got this outboard thing figured out.

I have a full suit of sails for our C-22, most of which are the original 1985 canvas. I gaze out onto the main channel of the lake, deciding what sails to use. At this location the lake is about two miles wide. The main body of the lake follows the course of the Roanoke



River north. The wind was coming straight down this channel and blowing hard enough over the three-mile fetch to create some real whitecaps and one or two foot waves. I estimated 12 or 14 knots with the occasional harder gust. Normally, I tend to be a pretty conservative sailor and will reef early, but this morning I say to hell with it and put on the 150 genoa and unreefed main. What gets into me sometime I do not know, but I felt like a strangle and that's it.

As the engine warms up I crank down the keel (24 turns on the handle), hook up the new battery, and turn on the depth sounder (6.8 feet in the slip). Off came the dock lines and out I went. It was 8:20am and there was not a soul around the club or out on the water. No jet skis. No shiny bass boats. No numbskulls blasting down the channel in overloaded bow-riders. The sun was shining and the wind was picking up. The warmth felt good on my back and my clothing was soon down to a pair of beat up LL Bean shorts and a floppy hat. The radio in the cabin was playing jazz.

I headed out of the cove toward the main channel of the lake under power. It has been my habit to begin sailing trips at the lake with a beat into the wind so when I am ready to come home, its reaching and running all the way back. On this morning heading up means north and so I idle into the wind and raise the main and genoa. There was much noisy luffing but as soon as I fell off the wind, the boat sprang to life and off we went up the river. The engine was quickly shut down and raised. It is unlikely that I will need it again for a while.

The name of the game becomes sheeting and footing. The C-22 handles in many ways like a big dinghy. I can see each gust as it comes rolling down the channel. Usually summertime lake sailing means less wind as the morning progresses but this day was different. The wind was hot and carried the hint of afternoon thunderstorms but there were no clouds building in the northwest.

I sailed on a beat for an hour and a half, tacking back and forth across the channel. This carried me beyond the "S-curves" of the lake near the State Park where the channel narrows

down. Summertime powerboat congestion often makes this a difficult passage for a sailboat but there are no powerboats out on this fine morning. A couple of gusts lay me over and wash the lee rail but there is never the threat of a knockdown. I estimate the wind gusts at 20 knots and find out later that 25 to 30 knot gusts were recorded at the lake that morning. I consider reefing, a relatively simple procedure in the 22, but I am having such a good time just seeing what the boat will do that I continue with all standing.

At about 10:30 I can feel my home responsibilities (daughter's softball game and chores) calling, so it is hard over and then onto a broad reach that changes to a wing and wing run down the lake. The whitecaps chase me down the channel. All morning my little mechanical knotmeter has read 5 to 6 knots which is respectable for a Catalina 22. The cable that raises the keel has been singing and humming under the boat, a sign of speed (and drag, but who am I racing ?). The downwind run is fast and the boat accelerates with every puff of wind.

When I approach our cove, I decide to take a quick detour around Rabbit Island, a quarter acre dab of land with a few forlorn trees clinging to it. This means jibe, reach, beat, tack, beat, reach and jibe. Some excitement follows as a jib sheet gets away from me as I am coming about. The jib flogs madly as the strongest gust of the day sweeps over me. No knockdown, though. Of course this happens within sight of the sailing club. A morning of skillful sailing goes unnoticed but things like the wild jib sheet are always witnessed. As I come into the club cove, it is an easy matter to head up and douse the sails. The wind is blowing so hard now that it takes some careful planning to get my boat around the end of the dock and back into my slip without bumping adjacent craft. I am lucky and all goes smoothly.

A couple of club members have shown up to sail since I went out early in the morning. They were excited about the fair gale now blowing down the lake. Is it manageable? "No problem!" says I, but of course, I am coming in. I load my gear into the Bug and make the hour drive back home, a little sore and sun-

burned but most content with my morning's "mini-adventure". I arrive home at about 1:00pm. I have been gone about six hours but feel like I have been on week long vacation. What a delightful way to spend a morning. That afternoon our area was swept by two big thunderstorms with accompanying wind and hail. I am hopeful that my friends were off the lake, or their afternoon could have turned into a "maxi-adventure". I have seen some awful thunderstorms at the lake in the summertime. Lightning and wind, hail and mayhem are then norm for these storms. Fortunately, the storm on this day did not spoil my fun. That came from getting up early and getting going.

The next time you have an opportunity to sleep in on a breezy, sunny morning, listen for your boat's voice calling you from its sleeping place. Get up, stretch and get going. Take your family if you can, but go! Who knows what fun, exciting and interesting events await you out on the water!

The older I get, the more important it is to grasp the moment and do this sort of fun, spontaneous thing. These "mini-adventures" connect me with my old restless self and free my mind to travel back to less busy, less responsible times. I am sure that when my wife and kids accompany me on these spontaneous sojourns they catch a little of the spirit of the thing. Messing about in a small sailboat is for me the perfect means to an end. Not many people do it. I wish they would. They could come home smiling in the evening and announce, "I went sailing today!"



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That's my wife crossing the bay on the way back after the mob has departed. Rescue Minor is running 10.5 knots. As you can see, that little rooster tail is about all the wake she makes. The boat only makes much wake when you try to get her planing in real shallow water... then the wake breaks astern. If the boat is already planing, there is no wake even in 6" of water, just a little streak of disturbed sand.

My family has always had what we call "Coast House Week". It is a carryover from the old coast house where the Reynolds crew hung out and even before that, my grandfather used to take us to some coasthouse somewhere for a week during the summer when it was so hot up here. You know, corn is layed by down here by the first of June and you plant peanuts the first night it is so hot you have to throw off the covers to sleep. In the old days of my childhood, coast house time wasn't a week but just about the whole summer but now it is hard for all these frantic movers and shakers to move and shake their busy schedules to show up for more than a day or two during a week that has been scheduled a year in advance. I just don't know what the world is coming to.

And I ain't no better. I had to work night and day just to get the old (yes, an "old" new boat) Rescue Minor put half-assed together so I could go. I ain't going to get into the details of my jackleggery but I did not have time to do the varnish job on the epoxy of the rails, stern deck or the transom. I just hauled her down there to let the sun do her worst.

Well, there was no need to fret. It was a stormy week. We hardly ever saw the sun at all. All this fooling around with the Rescue Minor and the support activities to pay the bills has left our old house depleted of resources for such a crowd. Which, as an aside, a grown man standing on the dock without a case of beer in his hand is a bad looking sight.

Anyway, we had a sure-enough load for the maiden voyage of the Rescue Minor upon the salt waters of this world. Atkin said she would handle it though and it is a big, wide boat so we rolled her off the trailer (also jacklegged) and loaded her up. I bet we put a thousand pounds of essentials in there... had to back her off four or five times as we loaded the boxes (thats "Sterilite" plastic boxes... next to the white plastic bucket, the best invention of the last century) of canned goods, bedsheets, towels, paper goods of all kinds, damned vinyl beach toys, a spare well pump. Man, hell, I have been trying to forget all this. You'll just have to extrapolate... a thousand pounds.

So we fired her up. The wind was whipping pine straw out of the trees as we idled down the river. We had tried the boat out in a little lake one time and I knew I could get her over to the island one way or the other (them ten foot Shaw & Tenneys under the port side seat were one threat to the demons of mechanical failure).

When we got to the mouth of the river,

## Rescue Minor At Coast House Week

By Robb White

the combination of the falling tide and the extra rain flow of the river against the rough onshore wind had made a rough spot. She just shouldered her way through it like a motor whaleboat. I ain't going to tell you no lie. The boat does need some spray rails. I had left them off just to see exactly what a bow like that will do, but any boat will throw water in conditions like that... but she does need some spray rails. I haven't build a smooth sided planing boat in a long time, and there is a little creep of water up that slick surface that lapstrake planking would thwart. I have a plan.

It was a rough trip. The wind was into us from the port side and the spray blew all the way across the bow. The whole front of the boat was full of junk and my wife and I were sitting back either side of the engine box. The little engine just rumbled along most satisfactorily and we eased on over to the island just like any other skiffboat trip in a stormy situation. It was too rough to get my GPS so I don't know exactly what we were doing, but I believe it was something like six knots. We found out that Rescue Minor acts just fine as a displacement boat.

So, like Maurice Sendack said, "let the wild rumpus begin". It was rough the whole time. We hauled them all over there and back for ten days and learned a thing or two about the Rescue Minor in the process. I'll be brief:

That's the best sea boat I have ever been in. There is some uncanny stability to the dynamics of the way the water flows around the hull that makes the boat meet and react to oncoming seas in a peculiarly reassuring way. We used the old boat long enough so that little barnacles began to grow on the bottom... felt like sand.

I'll cavitate when run light (some four hundred pounds under Atkin's notion) in rough conditions, especially downwind but, when loaded, it won't and even when the prop cavitates, the governor of the little engine is so sensitive that you can hardly tell it happened except for a slight shaft rumble. I am going to experiment with the cupping of the trailing edge of the prop. I was thinking of some water ballast rig but, running over by myself, with the wind, to pick up new arrivals, I was doing fine in the following seas so I don't think there

is any point to it.

The boat is weedless at speed, but will wrap them up trying to idle out through a floating mat and this stormy weather and good shrimping conditions have certainly piled them up. The rudder will catch a little wad up by the shank too. It is easy to back the grass off the wheel with the instant reverse where pushing down on the pedal first slackens the drive belt and then allows the Snapper lawnmower drivewheel to contact the reverse disc on the shaft sort of like an old Troy Bilt garden tiller and I quickly wore the jackleg duct tape tire off the disc doing that. I'll work on that.

About that peculiar stability: I think the reason the boat is so stable while it is sitting is just that, despite all its convolutions, the whole stern is sitting flat on the water from about midway the boat to the transom and it is a wide boat. Two grown people can sit on the rail and hardly push it down enough to detect. Fore and aft trim is very stable at rest too. I can climb back on the little stern deck to look at my exhaust water without affecting the waterline to amount to anything and, when one of us walks up right into the eyes of the boat to pull the anchor, it is like walking on a pier. The uncanny thing is how the boat trims when it is running.

It is as if it is in the grip of some kind of dynamics. I guess the pressure of the wake up under the cavity does that but, though the boat follows the average surface of the sea, she does not get slapped sideways or pitch and yaw and roll with the waves. While you are fooling around trying to get going after pulling the anchor, she just sits there patiently and waits for you. The bow doesn't blow off downwind. She is also very easy to pole either from the bow or the stern. I think the little pirogue under her makes her act like a keelboat. Ain't it funny how regionalization affects the name of the Seabright box keel. Alex Hadden up in Maine calls that little sub-boat a "dory".

She will not root and try to broach around when driven into the backs of waves in a following sea situation. We went to the west end of the island with a bunch of people to go fishing in the little lagoons behind the barrier sandbars down there and I surfed the Rescue Minor across the bar. There was no tendency to wash sideways or lose steerageway even though the engine was idling. I had planned to put a Bolger plate on the bottom of the rudder but was waiting so I could see exactly what difference it made and I still may do that but it ain't necessary. The tiny rudder works amazingly well up there in the hole.

Again, I think there are some dynamics of the way the wake of the little pirogue under the whole bottom of the boat fills the hole that makes anything in there act bigger than it really is. When you think about it, that water can't escape the rudder action in that situation as easily as it can running free under the stern of a conventional inboard planing boat. When the rudder turns (or the boat tries to tip) the water that must be moved is being forcefully confined by the concavity of the tunnel and water that is confined resists intrusion harder than water that is simply displaced. It steers like it has a Kort nozzle. Y'all are being mighty patient.

Anyhow, there are some other little peculiarities: One is that shallow draft. Boy, it took me a long time to get up my confidence. It really does only draw six inches, either running or sitting. As a matter of fact, I believe it draws about an inch and a half less when it is running. It will make you feel sort of funny to run across a sand bar where you can see the wakes of the stingarees... kind of makes a man of my sensibilities flinch. It was too rough to do much accurate measurement but, again, it doesn't act exactly like one would expect.

For one thing, when it does touch, it doesn't immediately stick like when you try to run a water ski or a surfboard up on the beach. There is something like a ground effect between that absolutely flat bottom of the boat and the water trapped between it and the sand and the boat skates along like a kid on a boogie board or like how pelicans do when they fly right down on the water. It makes a little smooth place in the sand like the trail of a flounder where it almost touched. Running up onto the flats by our house, she'll slide so far in that, when she slows down, she'll sit down on the bottom by the stern. I was glad to find out that you can drag her off alright and the wheel and the rudder never make contact.

Most of the time, the wind was right down the bay and there wasn't any lee to play around with, but for a little while one day, the wind came onshore and gave us a lee all the way down the bayside of the island. I loaded up a bunch of remaining women and children (all the Republicans and Democrats had flew the coop to go back to crunching numbers, I guess) and we moseyed down through about

ten inches of average water at about ten knots (the boat has no preferred speed for the hull... just the harmonics of the engine). All those people crowded up into the very bow to peer down at all the fish and stingarees. Which, they don't act like they are used to seeing anything that big come up so fast... you ought to see a sheepshead try to make up his mind which way to run... kind of like a squirrel in the road. Stingarees don't have any minds to make up so they just scatter every which-a-way.

There were three women and at least five children up there in a wad and the old Rescue Minor never changed her trim to amount to anything. I guess, in order to depress the bow, she would have had to lift the stern and all that water that is captured under there kind of like trying to pull a big stingaree up off the bottom. You can tell a little about human nature with a boat with a big, wide bow and no foredeck. A child can't resist hanging over the bulwarks to look at the water and there are some women who can't, either, but a Republican or a Democrat will sit there on the seat and stare determinedly ahead at the destination. If a little water splashes up and blows back on them, they get the prissiest little expressions on their faces where most children don't mind a bit. What children hate are those damned, hot life preservers. I don't know about all that but, you know, torturing children used to be illegal and, now, "It's all about saving lives." I ain't going to say anything about all these complicated baby car seats that statistics show are never hooked up right but I have been wearing my seat belt ever since I installed them in my 36hp Volkswagen back in my Fangio days.

One of the items of discussion among those who were sitting up there in the house discussing stuff was about the pitiful intricacies of the Catholic situation. I haven't been following too closely, but I was able to catch that, somehow, these child rapists were being transferred away from the child that they were raping and might be sent to some therapy situation before being reassigned some new children. Y'all probably know more about this than I do but, apparently, the high muckety-mucks of the Church were trying to decide what policy to follow in the future.

Man, there was a hell of a lot of discus-

sion that I missed, but I was able to formulate an opinion. I think that horrible felony crimes should not be dealt with by any church. I believe that people who rape children should be sent to Reidsville, Georgia for an extended period of chain-gang therapy.

And while I am off the boat, I might as well wrap up what I think about the ruination of the American imagination by activities that aren't really activities... things like political discussions. What has happened is that children are becoming adults much sooner. I don't know if it is watching too much prime-time or what, but it doesn't take long for them to start acting like Democrats and Republicans. Which, all you have to do to do that is sit still and hold one hand in a circular shape and gesticulate with the other.

There have always been children with that tendency. When I was a little boy in school, I remember another little boy asking me who I thought would win the presidency, Ike or Adlai and I didn't know who either of them were, but I did know where a hellbender lived down in the drain under the football field and offered to take this kid and show him (and let him get bit... you know a hell-bender is sort of educational for an amphibian). What I am trying to say is that, now, that boy is a college professor at the University of Georgia and here I am still fooling around. Hell, it is worse than that. That man is most likely retired with a full-salary pension, benefits and frequent flier miles and here I have to fish and hunt to get something to eat.

Which, to sum this all up, there is a woman in our family who, though she acts like a Republican, is actually a Democrat. It is hard to tell about women sometimes. They know they can't be full-fledged, functional party bosses so they don't pay proper attention at the power-lunches when they get invited to act as a token so they get confused.

So, in the heat of the day, I was sitting in the house trying to fix some little defective doo-dad when this woman told me about a wonderful bird she had seen on the Nature Channel. This bird was set up to fish by flying very low to the water with its sharp lower mandible skimming the surface. She couldn't remember where this remarkable creature lived but would love to see one. While she

Rescue Minor just sits there with the propeller and rudder about two and a half inches above the ground... a matter of quite a bit of curiosity for those who's brains aren't too stultified by conventional wisdom to have any curiosity left.



was telling me all this, there were a pair of black skimmers working the sheen of flat water right along the shore in front of the house. One of them hit a little fish and had to circle back to pick him up but the other beat him (or her... unlike humans, ain't much difference) and got the fish. They both flared up in a paired-off Immelman that would have done the Blue Angels proud. I just sat there and didn't say a word.

Anyway, there is no doubt in my mind that the Atkins knew exactly what they were doing. Not only that but they did a lot of it. For one thing, the shaft of the Rescue Minor is set off askew about five and a half degrees. The way it aims would make the boat steer to port. I was very curious about how that would work Oddly enough, though the boat will run absolutely straight (again, the hydrodynamics seem to hold the boat in some kind of rigid equilibrium) there is just a hint of weather helm to the tiller. If I turn it loose, it gradually walks off so as to turn the boat to starboard. It took me a while to figure that out. I believe that if you took the rudder off the boat she would run perfectly straight.

What I think it is that the rudder is on the centerline of the boat and that puts it off-side of the propeller a little bit and the wash beats a little more differently on one side than the other. One advantage of that is that you can pull the shaft out past the rudder. If I were to build another boat like this, I would still put the rudder where Atkins said. I am going to rig a tiny trim-tab on the rudder to neutralize it. The other uncanny thing is that the boat backs up absolutely straight and steers just as well in reverse as forward. I guess the water packing into the cavity backwards gives the little rudder more bite than it would normally deserve.

One thing I never wanted to be was a boat designer. Though I never knew the Atkins, I have communicated from time to time with Phil Bolger and he has a rather direct way of saying things and one thought comes through from time to time. He doesn't really like to design a boat that takes a lot of figuring and imagining about how it'll do and roll up the plans and send them off and then never hear a single word about how it did when it was finished or even if it got finished at all. You know

those people like their work. They must because I don't believe any of them ever got rolling rich doing it and people like that certainly have the capability to get to be Democrats or Republicans and rule the roost somewhere. Me, if I sent off a set of plans to some builder, I would have to give up ruling this roost (believe it or not, I am the patriarch of a very large and diverse family) long enough to go breathe down the back of the man's neck.

The little engine is a delight, too. I used to think that any diesel engine should be big and heavy and turn slow like the old Volvo in my sailboat. My favorite marine engine of all time is the old D16,000 Caterpillar like they used to put in shrimp boats and drag-lines. The exhaust just sort of pants in a most soothing way. I listened to the pap-pap-pap-pap of the exhaust of a three cylinder Kubota tractor and it wasn't half bad and I was prepared to live with it but it doesn't make that little expositing sound in the Rescue Minor. Ain't nothing like a wet exhaust in a big hose to make a motor sound good.

You know, I come from the era of the Hollywood muffler from Warshawski Bros. so such a thing as the sound of an engine is a feature in my preferences. Man, I couldn't believe it and neither can anybody else. It sounds like a wet exhaust 454 Oldsmobile running about 1,500rpm. Of course, I do have it set up on a 2" Vetus muffler and all and the camshaft driven Surflo sure puts the flow to it just right and, come to think if it, 722ccs worth of three cylinders is just about a quarter of a 3,000cc V-12 with the same size bore and stroke.

Like all diesel engines there are places in the throttle setting where it runs smoothest, but they are about perfectly distributed and above two thousand it is as smooth as anything. At dead idle, the engine sits there and wiggles on its mounts about like a chicken settling in on the nest. And it is quiet. The engine is high enough compression to act like a direct injection engine like the old Perkins. You know, in my day, there weren't but two small, four cylinder diesel engines, the direct injected, loud clattering Perkins and the old 636 Mercedes which injected into a pre-combustion chamber and ran much quieter. This engine has glow plugs like the

Mercedes but it will start at any temperature above 40F without them. I guess it is a compromise but it runs quiet. Due to the amazing trim situation of the Rescue Minor, my wife and I sit back there on either side of the uninsulated box and can talk just fine.

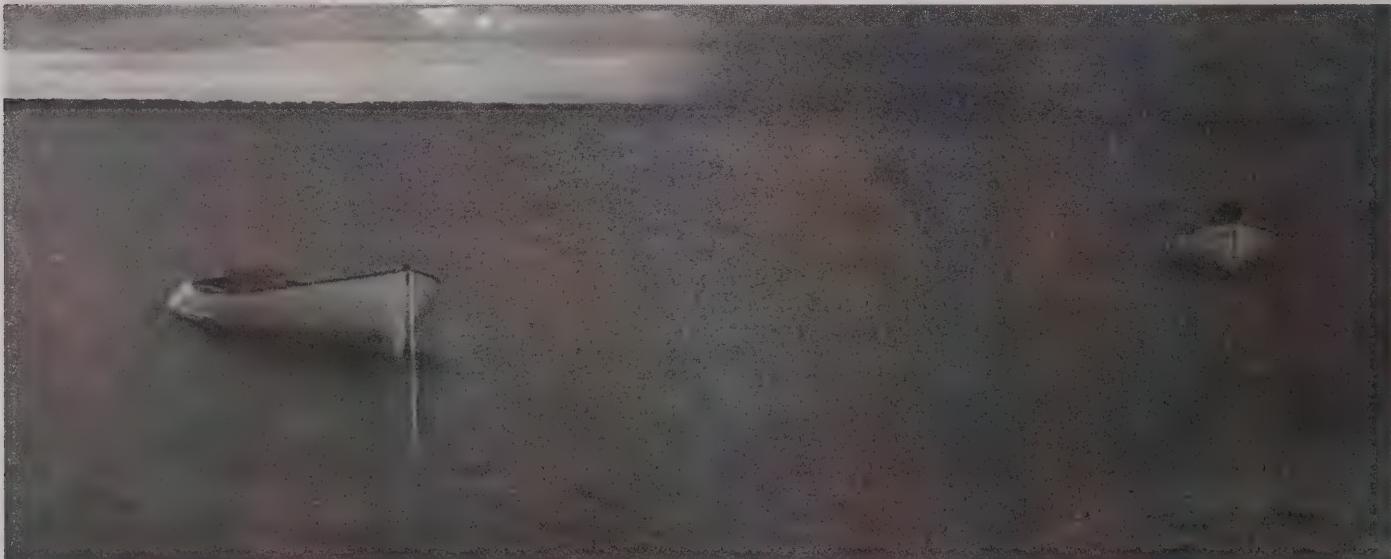
As for the top speed of the boat, it has been too rough to tell. She was running 18.6 knots on the GPS down at the lake and turning less than three thousand. This is a 3,600rpm engine and you know diesel engines don't get to working good except in the last hundred of the range. That's why semi-trucks have so many gears.

That boat came under some expert scrutiny down there and I mean real experts with cracked and black fingernails, not the kind up in my house. They think it'll easily do twenty and some (including me... you ought to see my fingernails) think it might be around 23 after I twitch and tweak the wheel to suit me. I'll tell you this though. I don't run no boat any twenty knots. I like twelve and a half in our old outboard skiff because that is the speed where the wake first gets as flat as it ever gets (the boat will run twenty one). This Rescue Minor actually doesn't make any wake to speak of at any speed so, hell, I might just run ten like we did in all this roughness. You ought to hear the engine easing along like that... most dignified.

To wrap this up (whew) I have never seen such a good motorboat in my life. It is amazing that these things have been around and the plans available for so long without universal discovery. The real Reseue Minor was designed to be built with plywood and could easily be welded up out of aluminum. As for now, the old, new Rescue Minor is sitting on its trailer under one of them little tarpaulin sheds waiting for me to finish the varnish job and replace the jackleggery (like the plywood reverse disc with the duct tape tire) with some good stuff.

Y'all probably think I am going to slap this in the mail and get myself out there in this heat and skeeters and do all that, don't you? Hell no I ain't. I am going back to the coast. I have a mighty fine outboard skiff and all them Republicans and Democrats are long gone. I'll try not to let the screen door hit me on the ass on my way out.

That's a mild one marching across the bay there.... no lightning and not much wind."



*Bachelor*, a Swan 40, had done the Newport-Bermuda Race and a few round-the-buoy races in 1978, and in 1979 Bill Smith's plans called for her to do the Marblehead-Halifax Race. He did some cruising early in the season and wound up in Salem, just a few miles from Marblehead. When I flew down, Bill met me at the airport and drove me to Marblehead. He had a passenger, whom he introduced as Muriel Vaughan. We chatted on the way in, and Bill mentioned that he would drop us at Muriel's while he went to pick up the rest of the crew at another airport.

We stopped in front of a square house and I recognized it as L.F. Herreshoff's! Of course, Muriel Vaughan was L.F. Herreshoff's heiress, and she had inherited the Castle! We went in, and the first thing she did was put away a bronze yacht cannon, which she had been using that day. Then Muriel asked me if I would like to look around. I agreed, and we started on the tour.

The Castle, which is what L.F.H. called the house, is quite unusual in its layout. It is sort of a side split level, with the rooms on the right, dining room and kitchen, being down a number of steps. The main floor was divided into a bedroom, an entrance hall, and a main baronial hall with a stairway on one side leading up to his workshop and drafting room.

To get down to details, we began on the lower floor. This consisted of the dining room, about 14' x 26', with a table, chairs, and sideboard at one end, and a couch at the other, where L.F.H. used to sleep. A door led to the "kitchen", the reason for the " " is that it was a combination kitchen and woodshed, with the

## Looking Back...

By Bill Gamblin

### Halifax Race & A Visit to the "Castle"

woodshed being predominant! So far as the kitchen is concerned, a small two burner hot plate, an icebox, and a sink with a single tap, was the lot. The icebox was of oak, just like ones that we had, before refrigerators became common, the sink was white enamel. L.F.H. practiced the simplicity that he wrote about!

On the main floor, the bedroom, about 18' square, had a lovely watercolour of the barque *Maggie Miller* on the wall. Now, I have a painting of one of my greatgrandfather's barques by this same painter, Edward Russell. My grandfather would take me on his arm and go over the names of the sails, when he was home from sea! It turned out that Muriel's maiden name was Miller, from Bear River, Nova Scotia, and the barque was one of her family's ships!

The workshop was where L.F.H. produced all his designs, and the fittings that he made for them. He had a drawing area at one end of the shop, and several lathes and special jigs on an island in the center of the workshop. From the shop a short stairway leads to the roof of the main baronial hall with a great view over Marblehead!

Now, to describe the main baronial hall. It was big and impressive! Not big and impressive compared to what one would find in

a castle, but b & i compared to the home of a naval architect of the '30s and '40s. It was big, but only 35' by 60' with a 25' ceiling. Impressive? Not so much in size, but in its furnishings. It looked more like an antique dealer's storeroom than a room in a house! Desks, cabinets, Chinese desks, Chinese bronzes, chests, bowls made from sections of turn-of-the-century America's Cup defenders' masts, each one with a silver plate identifying it, glass fronted cabinets full of Chinese carvings, etc. etc.! Only a few narrow walkways gave access to this treasure trove!

Bill came by with the rest of the crew, and we all went aboard *Bachelor*. The next morning we got under way and powered round to Marblehead. Since we were early we cruised about, and looked at some of the boats. The variety of old classics was enough to keep an admirer agog! US One-Designs, 6 and 8 meters, and 30 square meters and examples of Rhodes, S&S, Alden, and Herreshoff designs were everywhere!

The start was in a light south-easterly breeze which increased when we were about 10 miles along. The added breeze came with a shift, so we could set our lightest spinnaker, and gain a bit of speed. That was the situation for the whole 49 hours of the race, except for a bit of fog, and an increase in the wind to the extent that we had to substitute the heavy spinnaker for the light one. The fog stayed with us until we were about 5 miles from the finish, when we ran out of it and had a beautiful sail into Halifax Harbour.

The Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron was all set for us. They had moorings allotted, showers available, and a first class party all organized! It was the nicest ocean race I've ever been on, and the sort of spinnaker run for which one often wishes!

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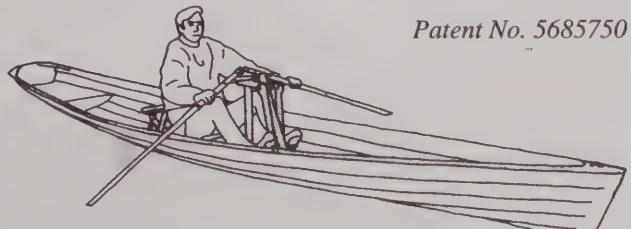


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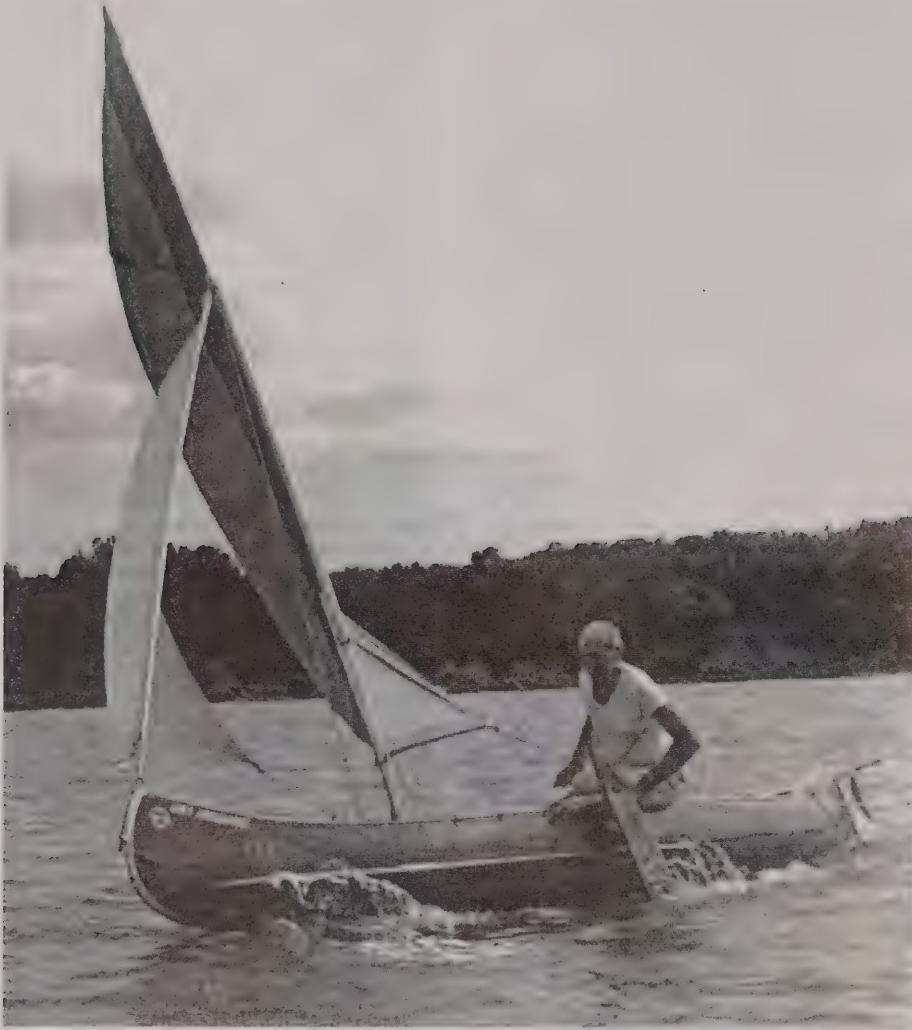
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# Wally's Collection of Sloop-Rigged Canoes

By Wally Foster



North Sails, 65 sf main, my 20 sf jib, 17' Grumman in 1958.

My 40sf main and 20sf jib, 17' Grumman, on a broad reach in 1978.



My impersonation of Neptune in 1964.

When I bought my first canoe, a Grumman 17', on July 17, 1957, I was already 40 years old. I knew in my heart, in addition to cruising, camping, and limited whitewater, that I wanted to rig it for sailing. On Christmas of 1957, Santa presented me with the Grumman gunter rig, all that sturdy Grumman hardware and a 65sf red North sail. Wow! Come, summer, come!

In less than a year, I had added a small, 20sf jib that I made out of muslin, cutting the shape with just enough roach to create the necessary draft or belly. But please don't think I knew what I was doing. In spite of all sorts of flaws in my design and execution, my first "sloop" sailed much better than the original cat rig.

As much as I loved sailing, I was also hooked on whitewater, so there was a hiatus here of almost 15 years during which I sailed some, but acquired a 15' Grumman shoe-keel canoe for whitewater followed by two kayaks. In 1964 when my heart panted for that 15' Grumman shoe-keel, the family budget said "no". Then it dawned on me that maybe my wife (who had three sewing machines while I had only one canoe) would sell one so that I could buy the canoe. Bless her heart. So I named my new canoe, *SM=C*. Get it?

During this interval I also ran across C.A. Marchaj's book, *Sailing Theory and Practice*, but read it slowly, very slowly. He had planted a seed, I wanted an optimum upwind sailing design.

Then I accidentally ran across an article on sail design by Arvel Gentry which grabbed my attention and inspired me to try again, this time making my own main and using the same jib. Mr. Gentry's ideas suggested a minimum aspect ratio of 2.0, a flatter sail, full battens, a loose foot, and draft aft, which panned out to be maximum draft at 50% of the chord. So again in my awkward way (especially on my wife's sewing machine), I created a new ny-

lon main, only 40sf and hung it on the same Grumman gunter spars. I was delighted with my new baby and discovered that I could sail upwind much better than with the original main. But despite my "broadseaming", my sailmaking techniques were horrible, Ole Jack Hazzard pinched his nose in disgust.

Speaking of Jack Hazzard, he was building and sailing canoes before I was born and I think of myself as the "Ancient Mariner". I had asked Jack to help me christen my own

original 40sf nylon sail and 20sf muslin jib on a Monocacy Canoe Club sailing event on the Severn river. We were the last of some 7 or 8 sailing canoes to launch and were greeted by lull in the wind. Not acceptable to Ole Jack who dragged an imaginary whip out of his hip pocket and began to whip Ole Scratchy, which was falling farther and farther behind the leaders. It really wasn't a race at all, just a cruising afternoon, but Ole Jack was a born racer.

Presently the wind reappeared and we



Hazzard mast, 50sf Sailrite main, Eviston 30sf jib, 18' Grumman, I'm skipper whistling for a breeze.

ACA 44sf lateen sail, 17' Grumman in 1997, easy and agile to sail.



Melges mast, 60sf Evison main and 30sf jib, 18' Grumman, Bill Whitlow as crew in 1994.

eventually became the leader instead of the trailer, and Ole Jack had ceased to whip his nag. To his (and my) delight, going essentially upwind to return, my home-made rig was passing the other canoes all of which were cat-rigged. For many other stories about the legendary Jack Hazzard, you'll have to ask his canoe-sailing daughter, Verna "Dolly" Dockins, in Sarasota, Fla.

Returning to my continuing quest for an optimum, upwind-sailing design, I found Tom Whidden's *The Art and Science of Sails* and was immediately overwhelmed with new technical terms and the task of thinking I could use his yacht designs for my little canoe. Worse than that, returning to C.A. Marchaj's book on sails, followed by Ross Garrett's tome, *The Symmetry of Sailing*, these latter two books so mathematically, hydrodynamically, and aerodynamically daunting that even though I had made a living as a professional mathematician myself, I was clearly over my head in these waters. But I surfaced, gasped for air, and continued to swim.

I tried again. This time the specifications while remaining much the same, aspect ratio of 2.0, full battens, 10% draft, draft 50% aft, dacron instead of nylon, incorporated a major improvement: I sent my specs to Linda Evison, a graduate of the Sailrite Kits School of Sailmaking, who made several sets of sails for me. Wow, what an upgrade! At least for canoe sails, I can truly vouch for her professional status.

Then in 1983, a second canoe joined my first canoe, this one another Grumman but 18' in length, affording much more leg room, more comfort, more stability, and so help me, better sailing lines, but also requiring extra time in tacking.

Now I needed a new mast, one with a slot for mounting the new mains from Linda. Buddy Melges of Zenda Boat Works in Wisconsin came to my rescue, sending me several mast samples. I picked the lightest one and ordered a mast 16' 3" tall. An aluminum outfitter in Annapolis outfitted this mast for my 18' Grumman, fashioning a "stob" at the bottom to fit the Grumman mast step. Wow, could I fly! Wow, did I need to hang on! I tried a sliding board, but I wasn't agile enough for it.

With a sailing craft as narrow as a canoe, how does one manage the jib sheet to allow for keeping optimum trim of the jib while sailing downwind, on a reach, or when beating? I'm not sure my answer to this question is the best, but it does seem to work. I contrived "jib extenders", u-shaped channel aluminum (designed for holding brackets for closet shelves) that extend out beyond the canoe with open hooks mounted at the ends to act as fairleads. A small cam cleat tethered the sheet.

These jib extenders required another thwart placed just aft of the beam and not invading crew space. Going dead downwind, rigged wing and wing, what a sensation. Sorry, no photograph of this but you know what I mean. And they were great for trimming the jib for optimum reaching and pointing.

Meanwhile, I was showing my new mast and rig to my old sailing and canoe camping buddy, the same Ole Jack Hazzard, he of paper canoe fame. He scolded me and said why didn't I ask him for a mast. Back some 50 years previously, he himself, very likely with help from his son John and daughter Dolly, had procured a 16' length of 4"x4" straight-grain spruce, put it on a gigantic lathe and ended up with a mast of 15'6", tapered so as to have 3" diameter max at 12" from the bottom and tapering to 1" at the top. He then split the mast lengthwise, hollowed out alternate 8" intervals, inserted a sheave at the top, and glued the halves together with marine glue. Fifty years later, he gave this mast to me, which I still have and sail with extensively. Thank you, Jack Hazzard.

About this time I discovered that having a roller furling jib spar might be nice. So at a considerable expense to buy a couple of furlers

(Harken no less), and with a lot of effort on the part of an aluminum metal worker, I was able to attach the jib spars to my canoes so that I could furl and unfurl the jib at sea. It was wonderful. I highly recommend it.

A note about a "full-masted rig" for the jib. My references, Whidden and Garrett, seemed to imply that a jib spar attached to the top of mast and a jib sail to match yields more efficiency for upwind sailing. Catamarans have jibs about half the luff of a main, but they also don't go upwind worth a darn. So I asked Linda to make relatively flat jibs with high aspect ratio giving me a "7/8ths rig". Since I am not a racer, I have had no real way to assess this design; personally, I am delighted with it, especially with the variety of jib sizes, 20sf, 25sf, 30sf, 35sf, 45sf, all interchangeable with any main size.

Time went sailing by such that by 1998 I wasn't able physically to load and unload that beautiful 18' standard weight Grumman on my station wagon by myself. Discovering that Marathon Canoe (Marathon, N.Y.) still made the same canoes that Grumman did, I ordered an 18' light weight thru Chicagoland Canoe Base who outfitted (removed front seat, installed mast step, fashioned a jib tee, etc) this new one for me. Most importantly, I could load this one by myself.

About this time I thought to return to the 17' Grumman and mount an ACA 44sf llateen sail, using the old Grumman mast. Simple to rig and easy to sail, it is agile and quick to respond. I should be twins!

By 2002, some 45 years later, I had canoe sailed on Chesapeake Bay, Severn River

Maryland, Potomac River, Shenandoah River, Lake Marburg and Cowan's Gap State Park in Pennsylvania, Lake Anna and Smith Mountain Lake in Virginia, Mark Twain Lake Missouri, in West Virginia Cheat Lake, Bluestone Reservoir, and Deep Creek Lake, and in Iowa, Lake Okoboji, Lake Macbride, Lake Rathbun, Big Creek Lake, Rock Creek Lake, and Pleasant Creek Lake. Boy, is Iowa a windy place to sail!

A few vagrant thoughts: Executing a jibe in a sailing canoe, I knew I had to be very careful. And being the very careful guy that I am, I really worked on my jibing technique. But at a transition on Lake Macbride from wide to narrow at a 90 degree turn in the lake, a swirling gust from nowhere caught my main and despite my tight rein on the boom, lifted it 6' high for a text book example of a goose-wing jibe. Though I had never capsized while sailing (honest), I thought my time had come. A miracle, that 18' flatbottomed Grumman saved me and I was able to regain control.

Lastly, which is more fun, whitewater or sailing? The answer has to be both, white water in the spring when the rivers are up, and sailing in the summer and fall when the water is warm. Okay, younger is white water; older is sitting on a comfy cushion with a back-rest holding a main sheet in my hand!

Well, 2002 has become my time to hang up the mainsheets and paddles. Regrets? Oh gosh yes! But reality is reality. I accept it. My primary feeling is one of incredible gratitude for all of my canoe sailing experiences and the opportunity to enjoy the friendship of so many canoeing buddies.

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There's nothing like passing a kidney stone to make you appreciate what you've got. What I've got is a Bolger Cartopper I've been fretting over for the past six months. I was just getting ready to splash her when I was struck by the damndest pain in the gut I've ever experienced. It got so bad I figured my appendix had blown up, so after puking and writhing for four hours I finally called 911.

As I bobbed out to the ambulance I glanced at the boat laying there upside down on the horses in the carport, and my last coherent thought was, "I'm going to be extremely pissed off if I die before I get to sail that boat!"

As it turned out I only thought I was dying. Thirteen hours in the emergency room and a stack of painkillers sort of cured me, and another day of drinking water non-stop allowed me to pass the damned old stone, which was so tiny I had to laugh. Here I thought I was giving birth to a basketball and all I produced was a dinky little miniature beebee. But I have to admit that if I had to follow that diet for more than a few days I might have crossed the bar of my own accord. No caffeine, no alcohol, no milk products, no citrus. What the hell's left?

First thing I did after I passed that stone was brew up a mug of double strength Luzianne, and then I fixed myself a Big Mama cheeseburger with green peppers and onions and egg and slabs of cheddar cheese dripping off it, which gave me the strength to set about scrounging up some scrap to build a tiller, which was the only missing piece in the puzzle as far as launching *Rosebud* was concerned.

I call her *Rosebud* because the mother ship is *Gypsy Rose*, named after a dog I once had, and a damned good dog at that. *Gypsy Rose* is a 25' Nimble Arctic motorsailer, and since *Rosebud* is 11-1/2' long, she'd better tow good because there's no way she's gonna fit

## The Long & Short Of Dinghies And Their Painters

By Mike Ives

on deck no matter what the weather's like.

I think she'll tow all right, though, because when she's empty there's not much of her in the water. Last spring I towed her baby sister, a 7-1/2' Bolger Nymph, to the Florida Panhandle and back and nobody died, or even sank, although it got pretty interesting one black night about halfway between Cedar Key and Carabella when the wind cranked up to 25 knots out of the south. I'd guess the seas got up to an honest 8' and it was somewhat unusual to glance back there and see the dink cruising along 8' higher than my head.

I did the right thing and got that main down in a hurry, so I was running off under jib alone, and she went along mighty easy that way. I let Strongarm John (the autopilot) steer most of the way and he never once got overpowered. I ought to point out that eight footers in the Gulf of Mexico are nothing like eight footers in the deep sea. The Gulf is shallow and when the wind picks up the waves build up steep and close together, which can get uncomfortable after a while.

Anyway, the dink never actually came into the cockpit with me, but she fetched the outboard hung rudder a couple of terrible licks; I had only 15'-20' of painter on her which wasn't nearly enough. I use that cheap black poly line that crabbers use for their traps for a painter and it's stronger than garlic, but I just

didn't have enough of it. In those kind of seas I'd have liked 50'-60' between us and a runaway dink.

I know there's people who claim you should never use poly line on a boat but I love it for that painter because it floats so I don't have to worry about it fouling my prop when I'm trying to fit a 25' boat into a 25' hole on a fuel dock in front of a bunch of gawkers who wouldn't know enough to take a turn if I hit them in the eye with a springline.

Anyway, before I launched into this digression I was hunting up some wood for a tiller, which I finally got from my pal Capt. Wayne down in Englewood, and while I was down there, he showed me how to build a sail out of tarp, so we spent a morning building me a lugsail out of the only tanbark colored plastic tarp I've ever run across anywhere. We used some of this new modern double backed tape they're building spinnakers out of nowadays. Not a stitch in the whoe sail! Talk about cheating!

Every time I start bitching about modern technology something comes along that I actually use. We even taped a set of reef points into that test sail while we were at it, although Capt. Wayne was knocking on his head the whole time. "But, what's wrong?" I asked.

"I don't know that this plastic tarp is going to stand up to the kind of punishment you're thinking of," he said.

Well, I said, "it sure ain't gonna stand up to 30 knots of wind if I've got it all up, but it might if I can take a deep reef."

So we put in the reef points and I'll let you know how it works out in a few months, because as soon as I get this *Rosebud* in the water and sea trial her I'm taking off for a shakedown cruise to the Keys, and you can bet there'll be a bit more length to that painter this time out.

### SHIVER ME TIMBERS by: Robert Summers



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I got ahead of myself a little bit. We had to cross the channel in the fog. I have a GPS and a wonderful thing it is... best small boat compass I ever saw for one thing... but I don't need to run down a bunch of double As to get across East Pass in the fog and, besides, I needed to look at something else besides a little object in my own hand. The tide was rising and the light wind was about SE so the waves were coming in the pass about square with the course.

After we got clear of the diffraction of Dog Island, all I had to do was steer parallel to the troughs and hills... and listen, and stare intensely into the fog. Fortunately, it had lifted just a skosh for a minute or two and I thought I could see far enough to see if a silent fuel oil tow was easing into the pass from down around the power plant at Crystal River... what am I talking about... that thing is nuclear now and any barge coming from there would be carrying, I guess, nuclear waste enroute to a perpetually safe storage facility somewhere.

I sort of wished for my Kahlenberg the whole way across but we made it anyway. As soon as we saw the tip of St. George, the fog closed up tight as Dick's hat band and we had to feel our way down the shallow beach to Bullet Island. I knew when we were close by the feeling in my bones and we idled up to the little beach. If I had had a bottle of whiskey I would have taken a little swig just for tradition's sake, but I was here for a far more ancient purpose.

I made up my casting net and started wading up into the little creek. Immediately, I saw the swirl of mullet in the shallow water. I let fly and the net sailed out just exactly right and, instantly, I knew I had them. They tried to jump for the sky only to hit the net. Undoubtedly some of them got out when impact of the jumpers lifted the leads off the bottom but there were thirteen fine, handsome spring mullet that belonged to us. We untangled them and put them in the box and headed right back the way we came. I don't even think we ever actually saw Bullet Island at all but I certainly hope we get another chance.

The other unlikely adventure happened sort of the same way. We came down here in the early spring because we had just had 8-3/4" of rain in one day. It wasn't the best of times to be at the coast, but the roof on our old house leaks in a blowing storm and it is best if we open up (12' homemade, folding doors bayside and seaside) and let her dry out as soon as possible after. We got here just ahead of the norther that blows in behind such as that and just opened the house and let her blow right on through all night long. Not only was everything dry in the morning, the floor was swept and all the paper was out from under the furniture. All we had to do was pick the manuscripts off the lee side screen wire.

The only trouble with it was that the durn skiff was high and dry. Down in this bay, the wind has almost as much influence on the tide as the position of the moon and sun and a stiff norther can blow the water out for days at the time. Sometimes, when a strong cold front coincides with an extra low spring tide, it is a startling thing. If you can stand that cold wind, you can walk around out on the flats and see things that you might not ever get another chance to examine. I like to come to the coast when I think such as that might happen but that wasn't the case this time. Even though the tide wasn't wonderfully far out, the boat

## Two Unlikely Adventures

### Part 2

By Robb White

was still a quarter of a mile from the water. We could have dragged it but there was no need.

I knew the wind would die down before we had to go back and, besides, we love to walk in the woods with the cold wind whistling in the trees above. There is something charming about the woods of a sandbar island. The trees are little and toughened by the harshness of the environment and the contrast between the woods and the white sand of the ground is striking. For us, such a place is very dear for old time's sake. We could have walked all the five miles to the harbor to check our old sailboat, but we wouldn't have had any way to get out to it so we wandered around looking for old places we remembered from childhood... old sites like the foxholes the trainees for the war had dug in the dunes and the camp of the turpentine people who had lived over here in these woods in the thirties.

From their trash piles, it was easy to see how little they had. I know it isn't appropriate to envy them, but I knew some of the old black people who did that for a living and they were an independent lot and, like the extinct small farmers of this region, not apt to participate in the obsequious pitifulness of so many poor people of that time. They were certainly exploited by the owners of the woods and the turpentine company, but they got to live in these little woods in their friendly camp. I can't imagine that the living was all that much different from the old folks that camped here for thousands of years before... or, for that matter, from us. If we had had some more days, we would have left the house and slept in the woods for a while.

But, spring is a bad time for free days for both boatbuilders and schoolteachers and we had to do what we had to do and get gone. One of the things we had to do was to check our old fiberglass sailboat at its mooring down in Tyson harbor. Though the wretched thing (Morgan 30, 1967) is about as watertight as a Clorox bottle with the cap screwed on, the damned cormorants use the whole boat for a bathroom. I don't know what it is with cormorants, but they seem to waste a lot of what they eat. All that accumulates on the boat in a thick crust.

I used to stay awake nights trying to figure out a way to keep the excreable creatures off my boat. I even invented a way to haul a heavy monofilament line up the outside of the shrouds so that it spanned from the tips of the spreaders diagonally up to the mast. This kept them off the spreaders for a while... they just stood around on deck and on the top of the house. Finally a pair (I could recognize them) discovered that, if they lit out by the end of the spreaders, they could mash the line down and walk it in to where their heads could clear the shrouds and, with the line clamped to the spreader with their feet, rest most comfortably.

You know a cormorant thirty feet up in the air can pretty well cover the stern of a sailboat. You know something else? It only takes about two hours to completely clean the damned boat up just as good as new and I believe all that lime preserves the gelcoat.

So, what's the trouble? The old boat has a single cockpit scupper that ain't nothing in the world but a bathtub drain in a little sump back at the stern behind the rudder head. Normally, water from the deck and house-top runs overside and does not come over the shallow coaming of the cockpit, but not when it rains 8-3/4 inches in one day. On occasions like that, the damned cormorant excrement is apt to wash back and stop up the hole and the little sill at the companionway is about 5" below the next possible exit for the water from the cockpit. The cockpit fills up with water and it runs through the crack between the bottom companionway board and down into the normally perfectly dry bilge.

This is a keel-centerboard boat with a big case under the floor and there is precious little bilge below the floorboards so it doesn't take much water to get up above my beautiful teak and holly linoleum. At the present time, the engine is lying in the middle of the floor awaiting a re-do of the exhaust system and a paint job and I certainly didn't want any water to get to that precious old thing so I had to go check the boat and there was my transportation high and dry and a norther blowing and roughing up the bay to boot.

Just like in the other story, "Ha," I said, "I got a dadblamed boat." We have a tiny double-ended sailboat (12' x 40' x 35#rigged) that we used to call "The Seaside Boat", because I built it especially to fish on the seaside of the island in the early spring. That was way back before I gave up fishing with a hook and line from a boat. We used to sit up in the house with the seaside doors open (our house is in the narrowest, cheapest part of the island and is close to both the seaside and the bayside) and watch schools of Spanish mackerel, bluefish, and sometimes kingfish tearing up schools of pogies and other bait out of reach of a cast from shore and no boat to get to them.

I figured that a boat, light enough to carry over there, and seaworthy enough to make it out through the surf would be just the ticket and indeed it was. I rigged it as a rowboat with a slat-style thwart on top of the daggerboard trunk because I thought I would have to row out through the breakers but I found out that I could sail out much better. There is a bar all along the seaside with a slight lagoon where I could get into the boat. It is much better, when encountering breakers, to sit down in the bottom of the boat and just hold the tiller and the sheet and look where you are going than it is to sit backwards way up on a seat and try not to catch every crab in the ocean. I used to just carry the little boat, already rigged, down there, try to get in without scooping up too much water, and sail on.

I have sailed out through such a surf that you wouldn't believe. Of course, I have missed and gotten washed up on the beach a time or two too, and had to go back to the house and rinse the sand out of my reel but usually I made it. I caught a world of fish like that. One time I hooked up with a 29" bluefish (yes, dammit, 29") that pulled the little boat at hull speed for thirty minutes. I say "hooked up with" because I turned him aloose. Only a fool will put such a thing as a big bluefish right there in the bilges

with himself, besides, the big ones ain't fit to eat.

How did I know he was 29"? Well, the maximum length of a permissible redfish is 27" and I have a notch on my paddle for that and he was two inches longer than a maximum redfish (which ain't fit to eat either). You know, the reason I gave up all that excitement was when I finally gained enough seniority to be able to catch the cunning mullet with a cast net. Phooey on big bluefish, old, big momma reds and all mackerel. About the only saltwater fish I worry with a hook and line are flounders and I catch them by casting off the beach.

So, the little boat's name evolved from "The Seaside Boat" to "The Ceiling Boat" because it hangs in the rafters of the house and catches the discarded prey of the spiders who live in the peak of the rafters. It is such a fixture up there that all my grandchildren thought they had never seen it before when I had it anchored in the water last summer when they came down for the brief respite they get from all the organized activities they are scheduled to attend all the time. I had to pick it up and show them the bottom before they could recognize it.

It has a very sharp look to it. The plank keel is about as wide as, and shaped like, one of those sharp tailed slalom water skis (and it will plane on that too but I won't get into it here). I brought the garboards up with a pretty steep deadrise and there is very little hardness to the bilge. You know, with a boat that tiny, the butt of the operator is down below the waterline and the boat behaves more like it has inside ballast, no need for hard bilges and flat floors for stability. It is tricky to get in... won't stand by itself with the rig... but, once you get that ballast below the waterline, she steadies right up (well, I can handle it anyway).

So, I untied the strings that held old "Ceiling" up there and carried her out the door to the hose so I could wash out about a two-year accumulation of the refuse of spiders. I believe that if you don't use a boat, other creatures will. It all came back to me as I rinsed and scrubbed. I remembered building the little thing. I was in a heat for little double-ended sailboats then (still am) and had managed to con this man into letting me build him one.



HQ was in the funeral home business and tried to get me to take it out in trade.

I got the little thing planked up and had glued it together and gone to bed when I heard a little thump and a slight clatter in the shop. I hopped up and trotted in there to see what had let go and couldn't find anything wrong. "Oh well," I said, "musta been some piece of junk rolled off of some other piece of junk," and went back to bed. Next morning, I found out that a prop stick (I design boats by propping them to suit me with sticks) had popped out and let a little place spring in that was supposed to be poked out. "Oh well," I said, "looks like I got me a boat", and took it off the strongback and hung it in the ceiling and started another hull for the undertaker. I carried the little reject down to the blasted calm, slick of the seaside with all its equipment inside.

I had kept the Stuart Hopkins (Dabbler Sails) little, full-battened lug sail in its bag already made up to the yard and boom and, though it hadn't been used in a long time, no animal had desecrated it. I stuck the little (11" x 2-1/8" x 14oz) mast in the hole and took it down again so I could put the halyard through its hole. It took a good bit of prancing and dancing to get the sail hoisted without turning over in the stiff, gusty breeze from off the island. Then, dammit, I had to take it down to tie in a reef because I wanted to get away from all those gusts and knew it would be blowing mighty fine out of range of the interference of the island.

Finally I got in and sat down. Immediately, the little boat took off for Cuba. It steers by little lines from a yoke on the rudder made up to two bungee cords way up forward so that the rudder is self-centering. I had forgotten to get the sheet arranged properly so that I wasn't sitting on it anywhere or holding it tied in a clove hitch around any of my toes. By the

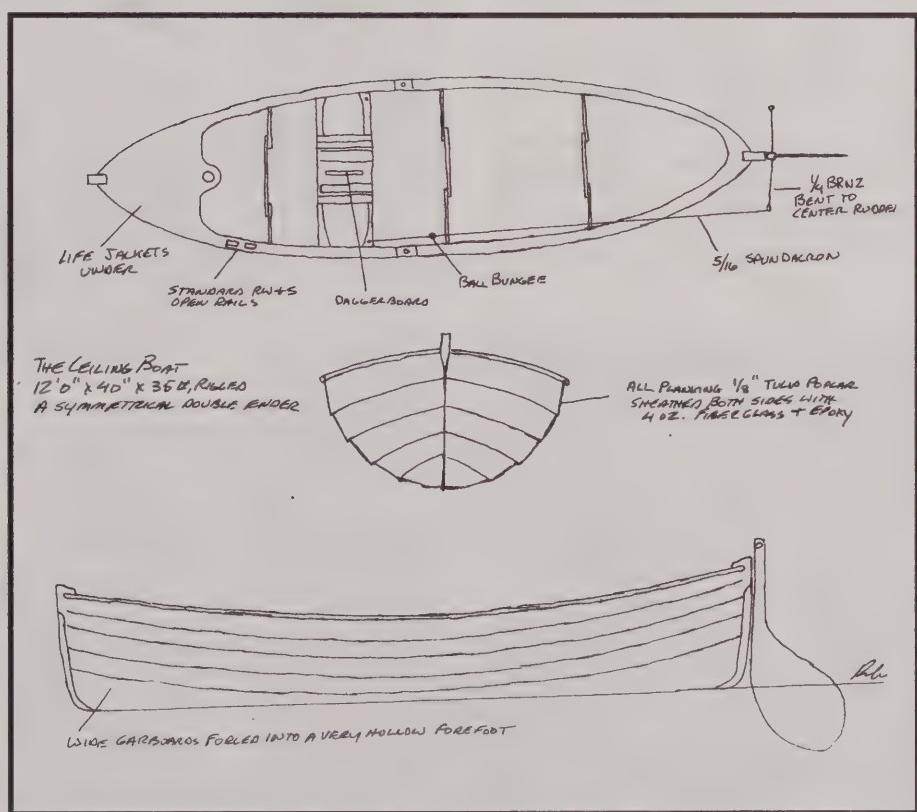
time I finally had unsquiggled enough to steer, I was out there in the big water.

I sheeted her in about halfway and pulled on the lee steering line. You know, a bungee cord rig like that works delightfully. You can work it by either pulling or pushing the lines along the length of the boat or by hauling athwartships like a tiller. Going out through the surf where the waves might defeat the little straightening effort of the elasticity, it is best to hold both the tiller lines in either hand (sheet in the teeth) and make her do what she has to do but, most times, it is just a slight pull on one line to keep the little thing going right.

I won't belabor y'all with the details of the trip but it was a brisk little short sail (reefed too short to plane, water too cold to risk it, damn you, Virginia) down to the seaside beach opposite the harbor. Fortunately, the city of downtown Dog's Island has resulted in a cut through the trees from the bayside to the seaside down there and the wind was sort of steady where I had to tack upwind to the beach.

When I hit the beach, I took down the rig, stowed it in the boat and dragged her (she has a little bronze skid on the toe of the stem and drags best by the stern) down the sand road to the harbor, launched her where the landing craft that hauls all these damned automobiles and construction crap over here unloads, and set sail for our old crappy boat. I had to beat it through moored junkpiles like mine all the way but it was easy money. Fortunately, the cormorants hadn't stopped the scupper hole so I jibed around and ran back to the landing. When I took out to go back to the seaside to head back home, a woman was waiting on the ferry dock with about a cubic yard of freight. "That certainly is a cute boat!" she exclaimed.

"Just wait until you see the Queen Mab," said me as I dropped the yard and trotted off across the island with my boat. I didn't explain about the plank anomaly.





Many years ago, and far, far away in California, I set out to build a sailboat. It had to be cheap, it had to be easy, and it had to be wonderful. I chose plans for an International 14 dinghy, and jumped right in. On my budget, it wasn't cheap, at my skill level it wasn't easy, and the result was ugly. After much effort, some of it sloppy, I had a strongback, frames, and stringers in place. I sighted along one of the stringers. It was twisted like a snake on hot midday pavement. I gave up the project. Didn't try again for a very long time.

Last winter, the boat bug bit me again. I had more experience, more income, and more patience and skill than I had had before. My wife's sister's husband had been building and enjoying a boat for a year or two. It was a design that I had admired in the past but had rejected because I had fancied that it looked too easy and simple. With new eyes, I looked again at these plans and quickly decided to build this boat, because it promised to be cheap, it promised to be easy to build, and upon mature reflection it looked like it would be wonderful. My wife was pleased that I was starting small.

The boat I built, the Weekend Skiff, had been designed right here in Buffalo, New York, by two professors at Buffalo State University, less than five minutes from my house. The plans are in a book costing about \$20 and published by Tiller Press. I was lucky enough to have a conversation with one of the designers of the Weekend Skiff one Saturday in winter 2001 when my wife and I went to the Buffalo State campus while a boatbuilding session (the Six-Hour Canoe) for local kids was going on. Mr. B. (Richard Butz) was kind enough to give me a 10 minute crash course on weather helm, sail options, and related concerns that I had.

As it turned out, I still spent much time, money, and effort in choosing a sail to adapt to the Weekend Skiff. The sail that is suggested in the boat plans is about the size of a hanky. My first choice was a gaff main with jib (which proved to be a disaster because my wife and I found on the shakedown cruise that we were sitting on all the strings that I had set up for this ambitious rig).

In all, I have tried the gaff main/jib rig (too complex for the size of boat), the hanky sail from the plans (adequate, and safe, espe-

## Born and Built In Buffalo

### The Weekend Skiff

By Jon Rieley-Goddard

cially in a fresh wind), a larger balanced-lug rig (turning me into a lugnut on the spot), and one of those cool sprit sail snorter types that Phil Bolger and Dynamite Payson are so fond of (not enough clearance for the crew's head, which violated one of her stipulations).

The key element in all this experimentation was a polytarp sail kit reasonably priced from PolySail. For a total expenditure of about \$150, I made four polytarp sails in a total of about 10 hours of work over a period of three weeks. Amazing. I started out with an 11' mast, and it was adequate for all the sail options; I made other spars as needed from fir closet rod stock.

The books that I drew on in learning about sails, spars, and rigging included Bolger's book *103 Sail Rigs* and a wonderful *WoodenBoat* book, *Canoe Rig* by Todd Bradshaw, on canoe sail rigs of 40sf to 90sf, or thereabout, which gave me many ideas and exact measurements for many of the sails I made from polytarp. The Weekend Skiff is canoe-like in its beam and length, so the canoe rigs work well for the skiff, too, and *Canoe Rig* covers rigging as well as sails.

A Buffalo connection for me from way back is ClarkCraft. I have been reading their catalogs for years and years, as far back as when I tried to build that International 14 in California. In winter 2001 when first I went to the ClarkCraft motherhouse itself, down on the Niagara River just north of Buffalo and less than 10 minutes from my house, it was a real thrill. I purchased all the epoxy, fiberglass, and most of the fastenings for the Weekend Skiff there. It was like visiting a shrine, something like I feel when shopping at a special bookstore or going to a good toolstore or lumber yard.

I started building in February 2001, with

a satisfying day spent hand-planing the stem. The plans call for using a bandsaw to cut a 2x4 in half the long way at a set angle, but I don't have a bandsaw, so I computed the angles, transferred them to a clear piece of fir 4x4, made the rough cuts on my table saw, and finished up with an 18" hand plane. By April, I was spending more and more time on the boat. My goal was to be done by the end of summer 2001, and I made it with a month to spare.

Lord knows why they call it the Weekend Skiff, since it took me more like five months to build it. The professors say in their book about the Weekend Skiff that they can build them in two weekends when they work with local families, supplying them with tools, guidance, and precut wood. I tried for the best work I could do, which is somewhere between workboat quality and museum quality. I don't mind spending an entire day on one joint or piece, and I used mostly hand tools and tablesaw (for rip cuts), electric drill, and power sanders. I estimate that I spent about 150 hours on the project before launch day (rowing version). I spent another 50 hours before sailing version launch day, and I still plan to work on the sail thing this summer.

Total cost so far? About \$900. And about \$500 for books. And it's been worth it. This boat was the joy of the entire neighborhood, particularly the kids, while I was building it, and it has never failed to turn heads and loosen tongues when we have taken it out for a row or a sail on the Erie Canal, Glenwood Reservoir near Medina, New York, or in protected waters along Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.

The boat is a cartopper at the moment, but after a season of bruised arms and tummies, we have decided to get a trailer for the 2002 season. I didn't build the boat with an eye toward keeping the weight down, and the finished product is difficult for us to get onto the 2x4 frame I built into the back of our pickup. All the flipping and lifting has marred the finish much more than I like, and lifting on and off, and on and off, gets old on a muggy summer day.

I finished the interior of The Weekend Skiff bright, and the exterior in a dark green water-base house paint. Before painting, I applied two coats of ClarkCraft epoxy in and out, and glued all the joints with epoxy. I spent countless hours sanding globs and drips of epoxy before I learned how to save time by cleaning up more carefully. The sides are 5mm lauan plywood that sells for about \$11 per sheet at the building supply chain store we all know and love. This plywood is attractive and has no voids. The bottom of the skiff is half-inch fir plywood, and I don't plan on using much more of that on other boats after using lauan. I put fiberglass tape over all the patches in the fir plywood and made the patched side the outside of the hull.

I followed the plans for the Weekend Skiff, making few alterations save those based on pure stupidity and other operator errors. My brother-in-law made extensive changes in his version of the skiff. I was able to improvise fixes for my errors without much fuss. The design is forgiving to begin with, and there are many options and alternatives. The plan book has many helpful photos and drawings.

I used several types of pine and some ash in building the Weekend Skiff. In the skiff's bow and breasthook, you can see the ash breasthook, radiata pine inwales and gunwales,

and the lauan plywood sides. Oh, and the stem is from a piece of Douglas fir 4x4. Radiata pine comes from New Zealand, and I also used a bit of yellow pine for the keelson. The seats are from clear pine from the building supply chain store, and I used a bit of 1x4 pine I had laying around for the frames and transom framing (hope it holds up; it's got a lot of sap wood; using it was part of the aforementioned stupidity).



My father was a fine boatbuilder, and I know that he would be proud of my efforts, and it is a joy to remember little things that he taught me, such as how to pull a nail without

bending it, or how to line up a saw cut, or how to tap a nail on its nose so it won't split the wood when you drive it home. He's is in my hands, and when I look in the mirror, I see something of his face in mine, too. He would have loved to go out in the Weekend Skiff. And he would have appreciated the fun of its name, *toyboat x3* (as in "can you say toyboat three times real fast?").

The shantyboat/canalboat I'm building now is of lauan and half-inch bc pine. The bc pine is heavy, has some voids, but has far fewer patches than the usual sheet of exterior fir ply. And the bc pine smells wonderful, and works up with fewer splinters than the fir. Some folks say the bc pine doesn't lay flat, but that, though true, hasn't been a problem for me.

I have a website (<http://www.herknperk.com>) that follows my backyard boatbuilding projects, my reading of books about boats, as well as books in general, and a section that features Buffalo, New York and its region. I have two projects in the works, a Harmonica shantyboat (Jim Michalak design) and Moby Dink, a pram with gaff rig (also a Michalak design).

See you on the water. Blessings and peace!



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## A Little Boat Named Cygnet

By Richard Ellison

I have recently designed and built a little boat which I have named *Cygnet* (Little Swan). *Cygnet* appeared in the "Launchings" section of *WoodenBoat* and is currently scheduled for an article in *Amateur Boat Building*, the newsletter of the International Amateur Boat Building Society (IABBS) published by Jim Betts.

This little boat is very special in that she is the only sloop rigged pram I have ever heard of. She carries over twice the sail area of other boats her size. Her sail inventory consists of eight sails of various sizes giving her sail areas ranging from 56sf with the working jib to 86sf with a topsail/staysail cutter rig to 110sf with her 72sf spinnaker. She carries this much sail with ease, sailing in 10-15 knot winds on an even keel with no ballast except my 180lbs sitting comfortably on her leeward cockpit seat. I attribute her outstanding stability to certain factors incorporated into her hull design.

I have recently completed a set of construction plans for her which I am making available at a price of \$60, with study plans at \$5. The plans include both traditional construction on a strongback and optional detailed in-

structions and drawings for stitch and glue construction.

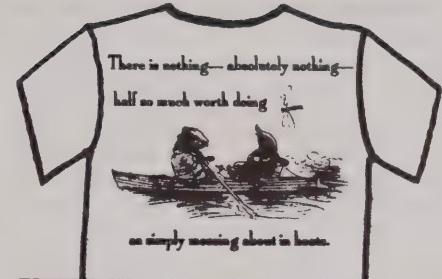
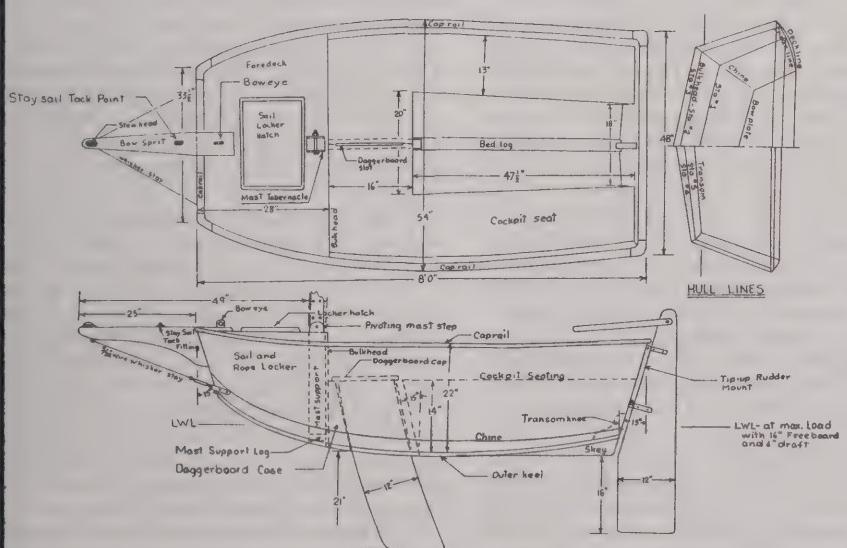
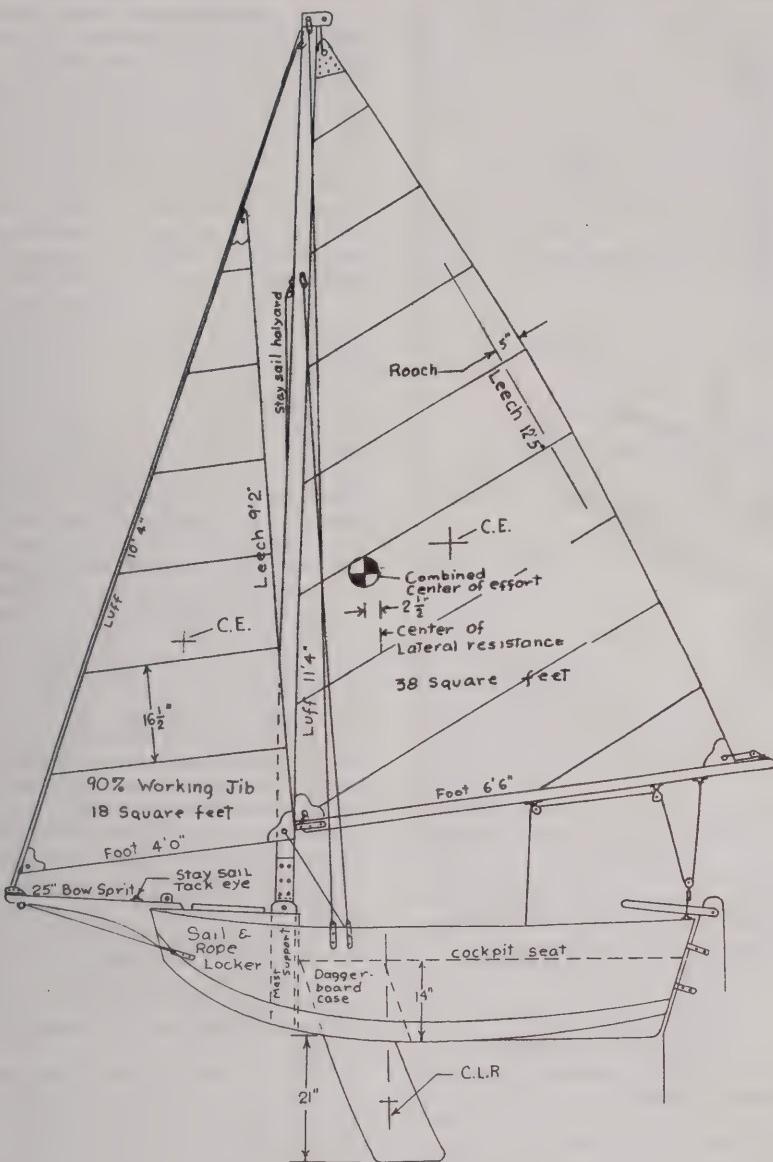
In addition to detailing building using 8' plywood planking, I have included step by step procedures for making strip plank panels which can be used just as if they were plywood. The prototype was built using the strip plank panels on chine, sheer and bedlog, on a strongback. This building method yields the beauty of strip planking with ease of plywood.



*Cygnet* flying her 130% mule jib, note that the helmsman is crowding her centerline in spite of the fact that she is moving well under 65sf of sail in a 5-6mph breeze.

*Cygnet* on a broad reach flying her 72sf spinnaker for 110sf total sail area in a 7 knot wind, with helmsman centered in the boat and showing no tendency to heel.





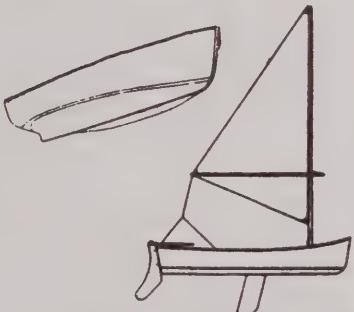
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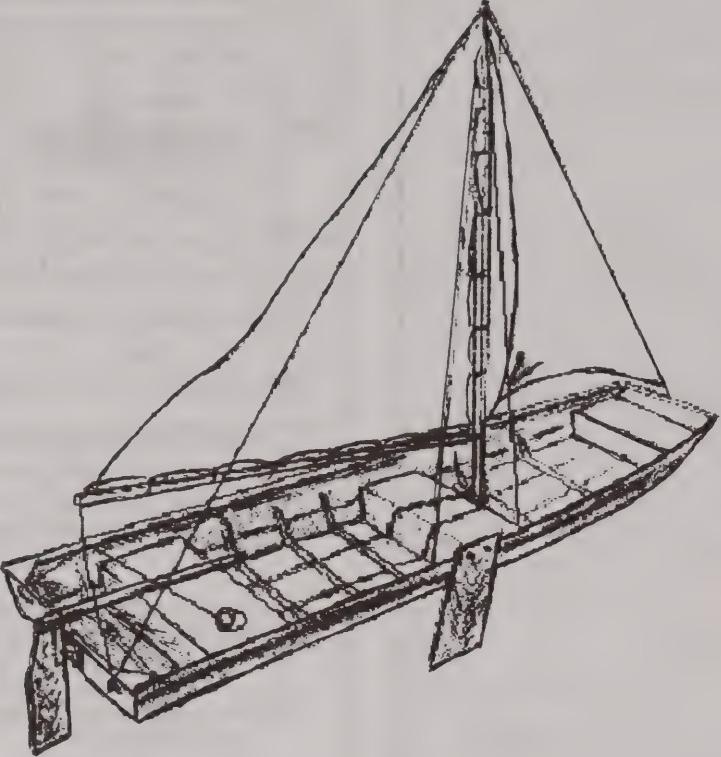
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A couple of years ago I read the story about making a Jon boat into a sailboat ("Sailing on the Cheap", June 5, 2000) and remembered an occasion when I did that very thing. Some would ask, "Why would anyone want to pursue such a futile task?" This is the story of how and why.

I had learned to sail when I was 17 years old. A man down the street used to take me out in a 22' South Coast sailboat. He wanted some company and I wanted to learn. But while I was in college, he moved and I was a broke college kid. Even though he taught me to sail, he didn't teach me all about centers of effort, center of resistance, and all the stuff about design. So I remained blissfully ignorant. All I knew was a sailboat had a hull, a mast, a mainsail, a jib, rudder, and a keel or centerboard. Any boat would do as long as it had the essentials and looked like a sailboat, not a motorboat. Now, anyone who has read anything about sailboats knows that there is a lot more to sailboat design than what I've mentioned. Well, I didn't know then. Besides, I wasn't going to design or build the boat, just rent it.

Yes, rent. I got this wild idea while camping at a lake in Texas. A good friend and I used to go camping at a lake to get away from college during three day weekends. During one trip, I wanted to rent a boat for the day and so we went to look at a rental place near the camping area. The marina had Jon boats and V-bottomed aluminum boats with or without motors. I was looking at the V-bottoms and thought, "all they needed was a mast, centerboard, and sails". The rudder could be hung like an outboard motor from the transom. I just needed to figure out the centerboard. The next few weeks, I worked on the design.

The mast and boom were easy. The mast

## Making a Jon Boat Into a Sailboat

By Tom Hopkins

was made out of a 10' 2x4 with the corners rounded. The top of the mast had eyes bolted to all four sides. The backside bolt was for the main halyard and backstay; the two on the sides were used for the standing rigging, and the front one for the jib halyard. The boom was made of a 6' 2x2 with two eyebolts locked together and screwed on one end of the boom and about three feet up from the bottom of the mast. This provided the gooseneck fitting. Another eyebolt screwed in the outboard end of the boom to tie the topping lift, outhaul, and the mainsheet. Now I wish I had known about sprit rigs because it would have made the sail a lot easier to make and the fittings a lot less complicated, but I did say I was ignorant. All the sailboats I'd ever seen had a boom with a triangular mainsail.

The sail was a little difficult because I needed material. It didn't occur to me to use plastic sheet or a tarp, because I thought sails were made out of cloth. I found two old bed sheets that weren't worn too thin. I cut and sewed them into a triangle and sewed rope loops into the corners to tie it to the mast and boom. It was a little baggy but it looked like it would work. I don't remember if I sewed batten pockets or not, although it probably would have helped. The jib was made from what was left of the sheet with a rope sewn into the front edge to double as the forestay as well as take the jib tension. A rope loop was sewn into the corner to attach the jib sheets. This might sound naive but I didn't know any more about

sails than I did about sailboat design.

The centerboard was really difficult. I couldn't very well cut into a rented boat's bottom, not that I didn't think about it. I just couldn't figure out how to get the slot welded and filled without the marina finding out. The problem was solved when I saw an article about leeboards. So I got a sheet of 1/2" plywood and cut a board about 4' long and 2' wide. I bolted two hooks about 2" below the top edge to hang it over the side. A rope tied the top of the board to a rib inside the hull helped keep it from floating upwards.

The rudder was a little more complicated. I made the blade out of 1/2" plywood cut 18" wide and 3' long. I glued and nailed boards about 1x6 on each side of the top forward edge so I had some solid wood to screw two eyebolts into it. A piece of 1x10 was the false transom that was clamped with some large C clamps to the boat's transom like a motor. Two bolts were fastened through this 1x10 and then bent upwards to hang the rudder. The eyebolts on the rudder then went onto these bolts and a nut with washer was screwed onto the top bolt to keep the rudder from floating up. A four-foot 2x2 was rounded and sanded as the tiller and two plates of wood were screwed on either side of the end to slip over the top of the rudder and held by one bolt. This allowed the tiller to swing up and down as needed.

The big day arrived. My friend and I went camping with all the pieces and parts. The first morning we went to the marina to rent the boat. The first problem was the V-bottoms weren't available, so we rented one of the 14' Jon boats. Then we decided that rigging this boat in view of the marina wasn't a good idea because the owner may not like what we were going to do with it. Since we had walked to the marina, we paddled the boat around a point of land to our campsite. We quickly found that paddling a Jon boat with canoe paddles is a lot of hard work. It took a long time to cover the half-mile to camp.

Then we proceeded to rig the mast. The mast went against the forward side of the front seat. These seats were really boxes that only had weep holes along the bottom. We ran rope around the mast butt, through the weep holes, over the seat, and back around the mast. This tied it pretty well against the seat. The standing rigging went from the top of the mast through gaps in the ribs on the inside. A backstay was tied to one handle at the transom and a forestay to the handle on the bow. The leeboard was hung on one side and tied to the inside ribs. It kept trying to float up so we ended up clamping it to the side. The rudder was clamped on the transom and we had a sailboat. It all worked pretty well up to this point.

The sailing part was a mixture of good and bad. The wind was just a gentle breeze and this turned out to be a good thing. It took a little bit to get going enough to dig in the sides and move forwards. Until then we just got blown sideways. But it did sail. I couldn't get it to point into the wind very well, maybe 60 or 70 degrees off the wind. The bed sheet sails probably didn't help this. We couldn't tack at all because it didn't have enough speed to go through the wind. It would go into irons and stop. So we ended up wearing around like the old square-riggers did way back when.

A beam reach went well until the wind increased. Then we started gaining more leeway. I looked over the side at the leeboard and

was surprised to see it bent under the boat. I then looked at the rudder, which had a lot of weather helm, and it was also noticeably bent and in danger of breaking or twisting off the transom. The only solution was to go downwind. The rig did this very well. Luckily, we hadn't gotten too far downwind of the camp. Towards the end of the day, we had managed to sail and paddle it back in time to take it apart and return it to the marina.

A Jon boat isn't a sailboat and it didn't sail well, but it did sail. It went downwind fairly quickly and could have tacked upwind

if the rudder and leeboard had been stronger. The cost was just a few dollars for wood, about \$15 for the rental (back in 1973), and the loss of my bed sheets. We learned a lot from the project. For one thing, the leeboard and rudder needed to be thicker and stronger than I thought and the position of the leeboard needed to be adjusted to balance the boat better.

A sprit rig would have worked much better with different materials such as polytarp. If I had owned the boat, we could have built the rudder with proper hardware instead of just clamps and maybe installed a centerboard in-

stead of the leeboard. On the plus side, the mast and boom worked well and stood up with no problems.

Would I do it again? Probably not, but what I learned I applied to the Sandbox scow I later built. I still love sailing and don't use the motor on my 22' Catalina any more than necessary. So the experience didn't lead me to become a "stinkpotter". Being "ignorant", we ended the weekend with an adventure I haven't forgotten, practical knowledge from trying, and had a blast. And that's what messing about in boats is all about.

Voyages can be made almost anywhere there is water deep enough to float a boat, and with the right attitude and an eye out for the creatures with which we share the environment, these lake, river, pond or coastal trips can be as enjoyable as a ocean passage.

I choose to do my voyaging in an electric powered boat which has the advantage of being quiet, not spooking the animals and requiring relatively little maintenance. The big problem with electric boats is that the amount of energy one can store on the vessel is severely limited. Actually, the electric motor can do anything any internal combustion motor of similar power output can do, but the batteries that power them haven't improved much in more than a century. Unlike fossil fuels, batteries do not pack a lot of energy into a small space.

I am not interested in more speed, but I recognize others' desire for it. I believe that if you don't go slow, you might miss something and this has proved to be true for me on countless occasions.

I am, however, interested in extended range. As a resident of a coastal region, the whole world, or the three-quarters of it covered by water, theoretically is available to me. I am not pleased with the prospect of covering it in 20 mile increments before I have to stop for six or eight hours to recharge from the grid or solar panels or a wind generator or a fossil fueled generator.

For we electric boaters, petroleum is the devil with which we must sometimes make an accommodation. But I feel, perhaps all e-boaters don't agree with me, we must get rid of petroleum before it gets rid of us. And if it doesn't wreck the planet before it is exhausted, we should stop burning it and save it as an essential ingredient for many useful products.

On to the voyage of the *Tiggy*: It was necessary to move the *Tiggy* from a freshwater lake, Okeechobee, the biggest lake in Florida, to saltwater. I wanted it to be in a more convenient location for a while. And it didn't seem to make sense to drive a long distance in a car that burns a lot of gasoline and adds to the pollution of the planet just so I can recreate in a boat with an electric motor that eliminates gasoline and doesn't pollute.

I calculated that the distance of the first leg to be traveled in my voyage was about 40 miles. I knew that the 22' *Tiggy*, which was built as a sailboat some time back in the early 1960s, couldn't make the distance on one charge. *Tiggy* today is propelled by a Ray Electric Outboard with a 36v battery system. There's that one thing to remember about an

## Voyage in a Small Electric Powered Boat

By Ken Matthews

electric boat; eventually, you've got to recharge the batteries.

Charging with solar power is too slow when already underway. Wind generators are good, but difficult (even dangerous) when moving and, anyway, a reasonable sized one wouldn't generate energy as fast as I would consume it. I didn't think the *Tiggy* would like the weight of another set of six 6v lead-acid batteries (about 65lbs apiece), a setup that might have prolonged the run time, enough to make the 40 miles, but would not solve the greater problem. The only answer I could come up with was a gasoline powered generator. The e-boat purists would frown, I knew, but I didn't see any other way.

So I bought a 2,800w generator system with a little Honda engine at its core. It weighed only about as much as one of my batteries and was small enough to fit down below when not in use.

The Ray, as always, performed faultlessly, but the batteries let me down, as I knew they would. After about 18 miles, the boat began to slow, and by 20 miles, I was hardly moving.

I hauled out the generator, cranked it up, plugged in the charger, and the speed picked up immediately. Soon, I came to realize (I had a GPS) that I wasn't making the 4.9 knots that I had been, but only 3.9. The 2,800w generator seemed to give me only enough power to maintain the slower speed, running its current through the all but dead flat batteries. But I didn't like the noise, so antithetical to the idea of electric boating, and I didn't like the sight of the thing on deck. And there was fuel to deal with. I had to fill the machine occasionally, and that was a sloppy chore for me.

The second half of the trip took nearly six hours, partly because of the slower speed, and partly because I had to pass through a lock. I had to wait for the lockkeeper to do his thing with the water. Several times, I killed the generator to watch and not frighten other living creatures: six rare wood storks were out for a stroll on the canal bank, and two dolphins gave me welcoming snorts as I eased into brackish water. Once, a large alligator glared at me from the middle of the canal, warning me to stay off his turf, but I didn't listen.

Most of the time, the annoyingly essential generator was banging away. Eventually, I arrived at my destination, an anchorage at Stuart, Florida, after nightfall, about an hour later than I had planned. I wasn't ready for night and the rules of the U.S. Coast Guard, so I had to do a good bit of fumbling for wires in the bilge to make the navigational lights glow like Christmas.

I made this part of the journey satisfactorily, a distance that would have been impossible on the battery power available to me, but I had to borrow from an energy system that I would prefer to see the last of before we all choke to death. Or boil. What a dilemma! A philosophical problem with real world impact.

(Capt. Ken Matthews is the executive director of the Electric Boat Association of the Americas



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Bantam right after launch. Her roof came out heavier than anticipated. Foam does weigh something and even light wood-pieces add up, and between Tom and us, two versions of a winch-based lifting system evolved. Here the galvanized pipe-poles are set up and lines engaged to hoist the roof. We have since redesigned the roof for significantly less weight, and Tom already had his roof. Upgraded plans will offer the option of doing without winch, poles, and lines. We agree with Tom though that the poles are quite handy hand-holds.



This Bantam seems to float near her projected lines. With the roof down, she offers much less wind-resistance on her mooring and of course on her trailer.

Half way through the roof-raising process. Tom's rope-to-winches arrangement balances the pulls and he had the roof up in no time.



## Bolger on Design

### Bantam 20-16

#### Update on Design #654

Recently we ran an update on the progress of building design #653, Tahiti. In this issue Design #654, Bantam 20-16, or just Bantam is followed up on. Tahiti may be afloat by now, but Bantam is running around. In fact, there are at least two that run, this one on Nantucket in Massachusetts propelled by 25hp and another in Florida, although as yet "topless", running with 10hp, and to be featured at another time.

Tom David was actually the first to start a Bantam and now he is the first to complete a fully-rigged version, with folding house and removable bow. While Nantucket does not offer enough fast roadways to fully take advantage of towing her with the folding top down and the nose off, the ambition is to cruise all over New England, which will include high-speed dashes on various Interstates to pick up without much delay where last year's cruise had ended.

Building the prototype to any design is always a somewhat greater challenge than any such project to begin with. And Tom's rendition of Bantam reflects a number of changes he made to suit his tastes and some that were necessary because of oversights of ours and some unanticipated snags that seem to reside in every new concept.

Remember that she is indeed unprecedented, as far as we know. As discussed in *MAIB Vol. 17, No.2 June 1, 1999*, the point was to arrive at a very light cruiser with two

A clean joint of bow-to-hull connection with bolts well above waterline.



good berths and full standing headroom, low-teens speed, home-buildable, to be moved by a smaller car (1500lbs+incl. trailer-weight), at highway speeds, and parked inside a regular garage. A light power-trimaran seemed conceptually to be more likely to successfully fulfill that wish-list; going skinny on light scantlings seemed one promising way to keep weight and running resistance down. We had tried our hand at various monohull-based con-

cepts along those lines, and Bantam's concept offered enough intrigue to produce plans to.

At this point we can say that she does fold her top, can lose 4' of length on demand, carries crew and passengers along the local waterfront in fine composure and prime comfort, and tops out at over 15knots with a 7-hour old 25 HP Honda. As is usually the case photos do speak a lot of words... Let's examine them:



With the roof hanging off the lines, Tom has hooked up some safety lines to have no surprises while he is under it installing her various window-panels. The stout roof's purpose is to resist both people, authorized or not, and snow-loads not to do a number on her. Whether folded on a mooring or in the driveway, a very light structure would find a foot stepping through it sooner or later. The upgraded roof should strike a good compromise between the need for strength and winch-independent lifting.



Tom chose to make his window-panels completely removable, and with the roof down they are either loose in the boat or stored elsewhere. Padded bags sitting in racks or secured otherwise would be necessary to keep them from being dulled and damaged soon at highway-speeds. The hinged folding geometry on the plans has been more or less thought through and seems worthwhile realizing to ensure fewest surprises in frequent trailering of Bantam; we forget enough as it is and one panel missing aboard or damaged would be a nuisance when you are about to launch on your cruise many miles from home.

Tom is around 6'3" on a lean frame, and BANTAM heels just a bit stepping aboard. In fact, either on anchor or running we were all pleased with her stability. Moving 200lbs around her would not produce wild steering or other odd behavior. Even two adults on one side are not an issue on this light craft.



In Tom's version of the roof and window geometry, the side-panels fold horizontally and when opened come to rest with neat toggles under the roof over the settees, where they don't eat up standing headroom. Notice clearances over Tom's head.



This would be your typical sunny day configuration, with the bow door opened to port, and the rear door closeable to keep that four-stroke motor-purr even more subdued. Tom, and we are still thinking about a cap over the motor to enhance further the pleasure of warm-breezes through the shaded house with grand views all around from a comfortable slouchy position on the settees.



Should the sunny day turn grey and rainy, closing her up with solid panels is an easy and fast to accomplish matter. No "incredibly shrinking" canvas to flap and leak all night, not to mention the various seams that may be much harder to control against seepage than hard edges, coamings, and weather-stripping applications.

Two happy guys. Tom's nervousness was gradually wearing off on this boat with then only 4 hours on her clock in the water. On Bantam's first local outing, we retraced Phil's first visit to Nantucket in Pointer many decades ago. Many thumbs up that afternoon from afloat and ashore.





With a few more hours of varying rpm on that fresh 25hp we're ready for some brief speed runs. Taking shots of her at high hull-speed shows not much on the film.

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existing Bantams as well, not just new constructions when the plans upgrades are available. Tom is determined to keep her in the water for this year though. We would too. The Upgrades will take a while to find themselves into these pages, as other work has to be gotten out of the office first.

Here's to the first completed Bantam! And note that someone here in Massachusetts' famously ill-tempered state registration agency issued Tom matching license number apparently out of the sheer goodness of their heart.

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For the last 30 plus years, finding, restoring and reselling old boats (primarily old one-design class sailboats) has been an ongoing hobby and part-time business for me. I know my way around a woodshop, know a little about fiberglass and epoxy repair and fabrication, but know very little about the inner workings and mysteries of the internal combustion engine. Sure, like most car owners who took Driver's Ed. in high school (to get the 15% auto insurance discount of course) I know that gasoline engines have spark plugs, pistons, valves and some way to mix fuel and air, but I had never rebuilt an engine or tuned one beyond changing the oil or replacing easily replaceable parts (spark plugs & wires, air filters etc.). This all changed several years ago when a 1.2hp Sears Roebuck Gamefisher outboard came into my life. Let me spin you the yarn.

While attending a Boy Scout picnic at Myers Point, just north of Ithaca, New York on the shore of Cayuga Lake, I took a break from the softball game and wandered around the back lot of a neighboring marina looking to see if they might have a suitable candidate for purchase and restoration. Sure enough, there was a shabby looking 17' O'Day Daysailer that fit the bill. The blue poly cover had mostly rotted away, and the cockpit was full of leaves and mouse nests, but the hull looked sound, and the sails and other gear stowed in the bow of the cuddy cabin looked dry and undamaged. The trailer was a bit rusted, the tires were flat, and I assumed that the wheel bearings were probably rusted solid (later inspection confirmed this suspicion). Judging from the rotted cover and other basic nautical forensics, I guessed that the boat had not been touched for about 5-7 years. It was perfect.

Several telephone calls later, I learned from the marina owner that the boat was owned by a former Ithaca resident who had moved to Washington, DC and had left the boat in storage at her marina. The owner was a few years in arrears on the storage fees, and the marina owner was anxious to either get her back storage money or have the boat removed. She gladly gave me the owner's address and telephone number in D.C. The deal was looking better by the hour. I called the owner who had all but forgotten about the boat, and a deal was struck. For \$700 (and assurances that he would pay his back storage fees) I was the new owner of a vintage Daysailer. After replacing the wheel bearings and getting the lights to work (sort of) I trailered the boat home to Cazenovia, New York and began restoration.

Step #1 in any boat restoration project is a thorough cleaning and inventory of gear. The boat was in remarkably good shape despite its recent neglect, and had all the basic gear (sails, rudder/tiller, running and standing rigging etc.). However, way up in the bow I also found a plastic gas can and a small outboard motor, which I assumed that the previous owner had used to get in and out of the crowded marina or to get him home when beset by a calm. Up to that point in my life, I had never owned an outboard motor and I was intrigued. The boat re-sold in short order, but I kept the motor.

## Outboards For Dummies

By Alan Glos

The motor (about the same size as the air cooled motor that powers my weed-whacker lawn trimmer) was in pretty good shape. There was no instruction manual but there were some instructions printed on the plastic cowling about gas to oil fuel mix ratios and instructions on how to start it. It was obviously air cooled (just like the aforementioned weed-whacker) so I attached it to a section of 2x4 on my workbench, fueled it up with fresh gas/oil mixture and cranked it over with the recoil starter. After about 50 pulls and much fiddling with the manual choke and throttle, I could not get it to fire, not even once. Hmmmm. This was not going to be easy, especially for somebody who knew very little about such matters.

I have always subscribed to the radical notion that, "When all else fails, read the instructions", but in this case there were no instructions to read. So I did the next best thing; I called my friend Don who is intimately familiar with all things mechanical. Don explained that I had the world's most uncomplicated motor, a 2-cycle unit with an old-fashioned carburetor, and manual choke. As I discussed the fact that it wouldn't start, he gave me a mental check list of things I should do and inferred that any child of 10 with half a brain, a screw driver and an adjustable wrench should be able to get the beast running in an hour, tops.

Filled with confidence that I was up to the task (and not having a "child of 10" handy at the moment) I figured that to make the motor fire I needed at least two things: (a) fuel and air that gets into the cylinder at the right time and; (b) a spark from the sparkplug to ignite the fuel. I removed the sparkplug and inspected it visually. The tip was pretty gunked up with carbon and other crud, but the good news was that the inside of the cylinder looked clean and silvery with a nice coating of oil. With the plug out, the piston moved effortlessly with pulls on the starter cord and I felt relieved that I would probably not have to mess with the cylinder itself.

I gently cleaned up the tip of the sparkplug with a soft wire brush, laid the cleaned plug on the block and pulled the starter. I could see a spark, but even to my untutored eye, it looked and sounded weak. A trip to the local auto parts store produced a new plug, and the clerk at the store even checked the gap to make sure it was the same as the old plug. This new plug produced a much stronger and crisper spark. First problem solved.

The next question; was any fuel getting into the cylinder? With the plug out, I cranked the starter several times and then sniffed the sparkplug hole for a telltale gas odor. Nothing. It was clear that no fuel was getting into the cylinder. I checked the fuel line from the gas tank to the carburetor and it was not plugged and in fact the bowl of the little stainless steel carburetor was full of gas. However, no gas was getting from the carburetor to the cylinder, and I was left to conclude that problem was somewhere in the "carb" (I was getting cocky now and giving manly nicknames

to the various components of the motor).

I again consulted friend Don who said that if fuel were left in the motor for several years, a residue not unlike varnish builds up which can gum up the delicate innards of the carburetor. He suggested that I take it completely apart and clean it with a special carburetor cleaner solvent that I could buy at the auto parts store. So it was off to the local NAPA store again. (Author's note: Clerks at auto parts stores are an arrogant lot, and if they smell ignorance on the part of a customer, they will turn on you like a shark attacking a wounded bait fish. Whatever you do, don't let the desk clerk sense that you don't have the slightest idea of what you are doing or the name of the part you are asking for. The results of such a mistake can be, well, ugly).

I unbolted the carburetor from the motor and started to take it apart. Sure enough, it was almost completely coated inside with an amber colored residue. There was a donut shaped ceramic float that was frozen in place, a brass spring on the top of the float that was similarly stuck in one position and a frozen needle like device that was supposed to move in and out of a small hole when the manual throttle control was moved back and forth. I soaked all of the parts in the cleaning solution and then started gently brushing the varnish off with a soft toothbrush. After a few minutes of careful cleaning, I finally got all of the moving parts moving. Thinking that the choke might be gummed up as well, I took the choke apart and cleaned the varnish off the butterfly shaped valve until it too moved freely.

The moment of truth was close at hand. I re-assembled the carburetor (after a 10 minute search for a little brass screw that I dropped in a pile of wood shavings on the floor), reinstalled it and then did the sniff test to see if fuel was getting into the cylinder. The pungent aroma of gasoline and oil wafted out of the empty sparkplug hole. Aces. I reinstalled the sparkplug, set the choke and throttle control on "Start", and to my complete amazement, it fired on the first pull and ran continuously on the second pull. As it warmed up, I feathered the choke a little, and finally with the choke off in the "Run" position, the little motor settled down into a veritable purr. Unbelievable.

By the time the repairs were completed, it was late fall. I rigged a little motor mount to my 13' Grumman canoe, and for the next few weekends took long trips the four-mile length of Cazenovia Lake. The little motor performed flawlessly and pushed the canoe along at a nice clip, fast enough to get me where I wanted to go but slow enough to enjoy the view along the way. In the off-season, I have been careful to drain the fuel (to prevent the varnish problem) and even squirt a little oil into the sparkplug hole to keep the cylinder rust free.

So, what is the moral of the tale (there is always one if you probe a little)? Learning something new is always a nervous proposition, as you have to take a few risks and admit to yourself that you don't know everything after all and you may even have to ask for some help along the way. But the results are incredibly satisfying. The sound of that little motor actually running as the result of my efforts was one of the high points of my recent nautical adventures and filled me with the confidence that on some occasions, old dogs can learn new tricks after all. (Now if I can just learn how to program that pesky VCR!)

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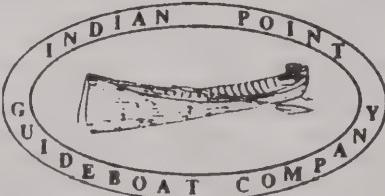
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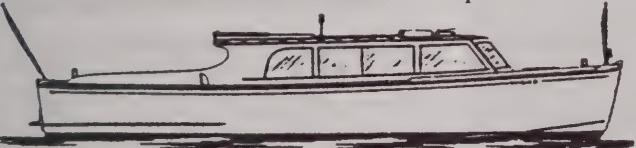
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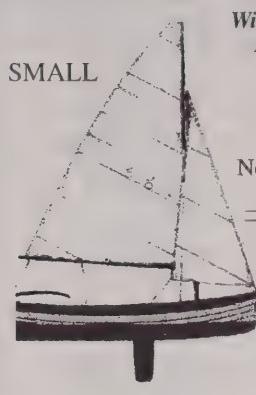
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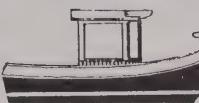
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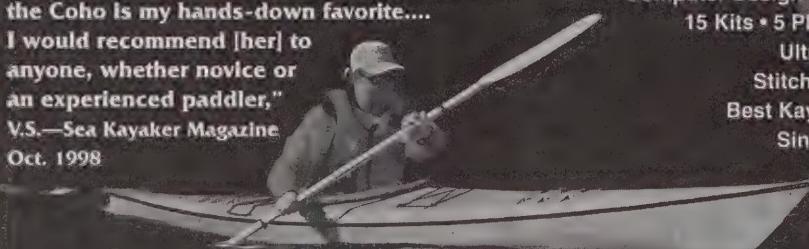
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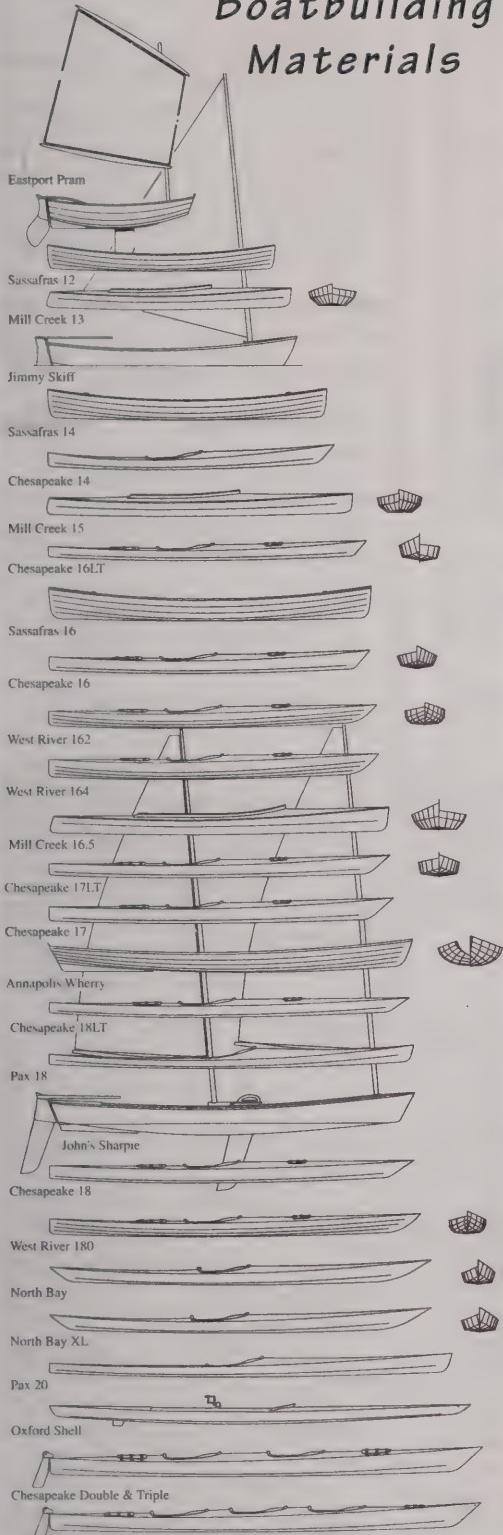
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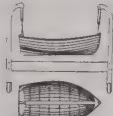


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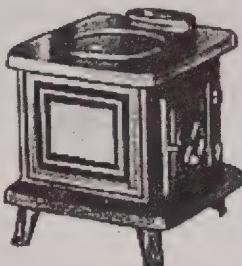
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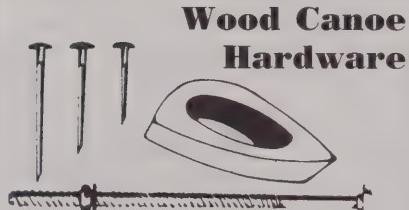
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**16' A1den Appledore Pod**, w/Oarmaster rowing unit & E. Collar Sitka spruce oars. Fiberglass w/ teak trim. \$700.

MICHAEL HARRIS, Seaford, DE, (302) 628-9092. (7)

**Drascombe 21 Cruiser**, cabin version, custom opening ports, exc galv trlr. \$7,700.

KEN PAGANS, Corpus Christi, TX, (361) 949-9386, <grove777@aol.com> (7)

**14' Playbuoy Pontoon Boat**, '98. Mercury 15hp electric start OB, Playbuoy factory trlr. Exc cond, stored in garage. \$4,800. **14' Hunter 140 Sailboat**, '00. Like new, fast boat. North sails, roller furling jib, tiller ext, wind indicator. W/Northeaster galv trlr. \$3,400.

JOHN RUGGERIO, Salem, NH, (603) 898-5395. (7)

**24' Bristol Sloop**, 9.9 Yamaha w/remote. Stak Pack tanbark main w/lazy jacks, furling jenny, spinnaker & working jib. 7 coats West barrier coating on bottom. Bow & stern pulpits, lifelines w/2 gates. Cockpit grating. VHF, compass, speed, depth. 5 jack stands. Totally restored '95. \$5,900 OBO.

JIM TOMPKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268, <jtboatworks@aol.com> (7)

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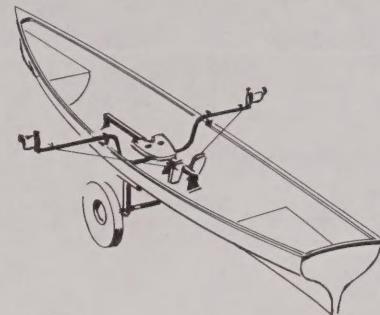
NED COSTELLO, Middle Haddam, CT, (860) 267-6847, <nedcoz@aol.com> (7)

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**16' Stonington Pulling Boat**, kevlar. Designed by Rob Pittaway, blt by Golden Era Boats, Noank CT. 16' LOA, 39" beam. Piantedosi sliding seat rig, 10" spoon blade oars, dolly wheels, car top carrier. \$2,100.

WILLIAM H. ATCHESON, JR., P.O. Box 751, Dennisport, MA 02639-0751, (508) 394-8358. (8)

**'71 O'Day Javelin**, 14' FG, designed by Uffa Fox. Grt family day sailer, vy stable, overall hull weight 475lbs. R/F jib, jiffy reef main. Exc cond, w/tilt trlr. \$1,500.

ART PETERSON, Asbury, NJ, (908) 735-5462. (8)

**19' Alberg Typhoon Weekender**, keel sloop, OB, cradle, trlr can be arranged. \$3,500. **22' Pearson Sloop**, no trlr, nds daggerboard. \$600. **14' 470 Sloop**, trlr. \$600.

PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (8)

**21' Dovekie**, Hull #84, '83, shoal draft daysailer/camper cruiser, red hull, white deck & interior, tanbark sail, oars, rowing seat, bow CB, FG gallows, 5hp '86 Yamaha, Bruce anchor, Edey & Duff galv trlr. All gd cond. Will deliver reasonable distance. \$3,500.

BILL DODDMAN, Phoenix, AZ, (480) 940-0596, <WVDDodman@aol.com> (8)



**Twin Foils**, experimental design demonstrated at Mystic Seaport Small Craft Workshop '99 and featured in *MAIB* 12/1/99 issue. Two home-built hulls; one w/leebard, one w/sail. Windward hull modified pram 9'4" x 4'9", leeward hull modified punt, 11'8" x 4'6". Connecting lines eliminate heeling moment. Tack by shunting. Parts incl both hulls, stock aluminum sailboard mast, custom masthead fitting and butt extender, rigging w/fittings, control lines, 2pr oarlocks (one bronze), 2 custom rudders, leebard, custom reversible dacron sail. Hulls nest for trailering. \$300.

JOHN L. DAVIES, 18 Prospect Hill Rd., Lexington, MA, (781) 862-7518 home, (781) 862 1109 work, <jldavies@tiac.net> (7)

**10' Acorn Dinghy**, attractive Ian Oughtred design. Glued lapstrake 6mm marine mahogany plywood. New. \$1,750.

L. DOW, Eliot, ME, (207) 439-8488. (7)

**16' Beetle Boat Co. '50s Classic FG Sloop**, spinnaker, lots of extras, reconditioned trlr, all in gd cond, ready to sail. Located Roanoke, VA, you pick up. \$3,500.

MIKE MOORE, Burlington, NC, (336) 584-1267. (7)

**12'6" Beetle Cat**, old but still going strong. Not sure of age, probably pre-WWII. Gd cond w/many improvements. In water every yr. No trlr. \$1,500.

ROY TERWIILLIGER, Harwich, MA, (508) 432-0549, <leleaves@capecod.net> (8)

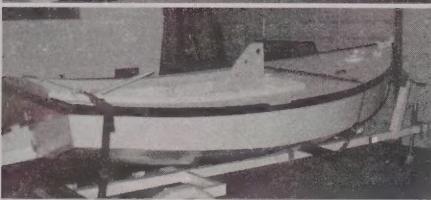
**'35 Thompson**, barn fresh, 14.5' cedar strip 3 seat tunnel drive beach launch w/small Lawson inbd engine, tiller steering, auxiliary oars. Nds compl restoration. \$2,800. **'30s Ventnor 14' Hydroplane**, 2 seater gentlemen racer, extremely rare. 3rd oldest known Ventnor, compl restored w/original engine, 4/60 Elto & trlr (wooden) plus modern trlr. \$19,900.

ROY ROYAL, Columbus, MI, (586) 727-7320 or (313) 390-6444, <royroyal@ford.com> (8)



**'81 Pierce Arrow 18**, 18'7" LOA, 8' beam, 4' draft (9" w/dagger up), 185sf sa, 1,100lbs displ. Fully cored FG hull in exc cond, orig gelcoat still polishes nicely. Huge cockpit, roomy cabin. Mainsail w/slugs, roller genoa, genaker. Hvy duty hrdwre throughout, feels secure on big water. Trlr recently overhauled ready to go anywhere. \$4,200.

PAUL MOYER, St. Paul, MN, (651) 739-8027, <p.moyer@amclyde.com> (8)



**16' Gloucester Gull Light Dory**, custom oars. New. \$800 OBO. **12'6" x 6'2" Wide Catboat**, Bobcat, gaff rigged 110sf sail, spars & rigging compl. New, never launched. \$2,000. **17' Crab Skiff**, Surf, Bolger design, tanbark sail (finished May '02), semi-wishbone tiller, aft & fwd removable floors, fwd rowing seat (removable), aft side seats (permanent). \$1,200. DAVID FARRIS, Medford, MN, (507) 446-8685. (7)



**'79 Pacific Seacraft Mk 2**, LOA 26'3", Beam 8', Draft 3'3", displaces 4,750lbs. 2 sets sails, 8hp Yanmar diesel, steel cradle. No trlr. Located Milwaukee, WI. Asking \$19,200.

JAMES BARTHOLOMEW, Milwaukee, WI, (414) 541-1132, <jamesjimbart@aol.com> (7)

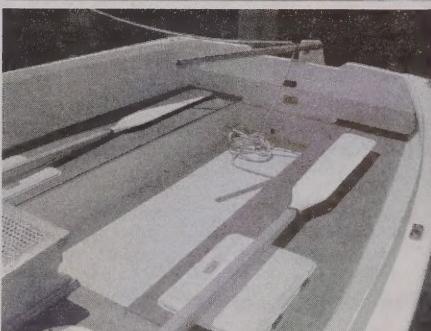


**23' Bolger Retriever**, blt by David Montgomery, launched '98, featured in MAIB 8/15/98. 90hp 4 cycle Honda, propane htr & stove, elec refrigerator & microwave, GPS, radio, hydraulic steering, 6.5' hdmr. All windows & doors screened. Cozy river cruiser. W/tandem trlr. Asking \$29,000. PAUL CONNOLLY, Milwaukee, WI, (414) 270-0231. (8)

**7'7" Nutshell Pram**, nds paint & some TLC. Too many boats. \$400. L. DOW, Eliot, ME, (207) 439-8488. (8)

**Hydra Adventure**, sit-on-top aqua. Exc cond. \$500 OBO. **17' Hydra Solo**, white, w/rudder, storage compmts front & back. Exc cond. \$600 OBO. FRANK ALBERT, Marco Island, FL, (239) 642-2357. (8)

**16' West Point Skiff**, '99 cntr console, strip plank constr. Blt-in 12gal gas tank, GPS/chart plotter, knotlog & fish finder. 40hp Honda OB. E-Z Loader trlr. One of a kind! Exc cond. \$17,000. ROBERT CRUNK, Edgecomb, ME, (207) 882-8018. (7)



**At First Light**, beautifully blt Swiftly14, designed by international boat designer Frederick Shell, Shell Marine. 14' long, 6' beam, 165lbs, 85sf sail area, draft 6", CB. Vy fast on all points of sail w/up to 3 crew. Can be rowed &/or motored. Will plane on a reach in 10kt winds. Unique leg-o-mutton sail design w/18' 2-pc folding mast. All gear fits into boat incl 9.5' Shaw & Tenney oars. Easy set-up & take down. Design incorporates sealed flotation chambers in bow & under all seats. Relocation has forced sale. \$2,600 w/new galv trlr. JONATHAN SHOOK, St. Charles, IL, (630) 587-9290. (8)

**'96 Stuart Marine JC9**, high-quality, Maine-made, hand-laminated FG double-hull boat w/positive flotation. Anodized alum mast & boom w/ss stays, turnbuckles & chainplates, sloop-rigged, dacron main & jib sheets and halyards, w/top quality ss hrdwre. 3' varnished mahogany daggerboard, tiller, & kickup rudder. Interior wood trim, seats, oarlock mounts, & daggerboard trunk bright oiled teak. Interior vy light tan w/dark blue hull. Oars & removable oarlocks incl. USCG rated for up to 4 people, max displ 805lbs. Empty weight 150lbs w/sailing gear. Payload 655lbs. Can accommodate up to a 2hp motor. Motor mount not installed, but could be done easily at minimum cost. Incl 3 PFDs (1 throwable), collapsible bailing bucket, & collapsible paddle. Quick & stable, in essentially new condition on a brand new (2000), never in the water, Performance L-14 trailer (1-7/8" ball). Bonus: trailer can be reconfigured to accommodate boats up to 14' and 2000lbs. Light scratching on bottom due to beaching in sand, shell, and coral. Perfect rower, sailor, tender, & grt trainer for grandkids. Garage kept in Palm Harbor, FL. New cost \$3600., Take it home for \$2000 firm. MIKE MOREA, Palm Harbor, FL, (727) 771-1835, <moreas@ij.net> (8)

**Wooden Canoe**, canvas covering, 1910 era. Possibly Robertson. Grt cond, only 2 owners. Seeing is believing. \$1,200.

DWIGHT PETTERSON, Warwick, RI, (401) 739-5386. (8)

**'83 MacGregor 25'**, trailer brakes. Many upgrades. New main, jib & genny vy gd cond. Anchor w/chain & rode, full flotation, marine battery, masthead lights, Wilcox stanchions, pulpit & after rail w/fold down swim ladder, galley, potti, more. No engine. \$2,500. Extra Suzuki 8hp w/alt \$650. JOE MACOZEK, York ME, (207) 363-5826. (8)

**19' Firefly**, Ken Bassett sliding seat recreational shell. Mahogany ply, oak & cherry. Nds minor work. \$2,800. Oars NOT included.

WALLIE HAMMER, Leetes Island, Guilford, CT, (203) 453-8367. (8P)

**11' Chinese Sandpan**. \$200. ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (7P)

**18' Plywood Catboat**, structurally sound, nds some cosmetics. \$250 OBO. **19' Lightning Hull**, cedar. Free to gd home.

JEFF ADLIN, Toms River, NJ, (732) 255-9178. (8)

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## GEAR FOR SALE

**20H Danforth Anchor**, \$60. **30' Mast Ladder**, \$100. **Origo Heat Pal**, (new). \$40. Lots of misc gear, call for info.

JIM TOMPKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268, <jtboatworks@aol.com> (7)

**5' Ash Oars**, gd cond. \$10 pr. JOE ROGERS, Framingham, MA, (508) 872-4206 eves EDS time. (7)

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**Johnson 6hp, '90. \$325. Outboards**, 6hp, 12hp. \$350 ea.

ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (7P)

**Gray Marine Engine**, 25hp rblt, FWC, vy little hrs. Incl cooling system & controls. \$4,000.

ROBERT WILKINSON, Orleans, MA, (508) 255-0325, [<rlw@wilkinsonre.com>](mailto:<rlw@wilkinsonre.com>) (8)



**A Tough Jacktar**, holding his billy stick (18th C. British sailor) is featured on this T-shirt. Dramatic woodcut printed on an Ash Grey shirt. The words say it all! Perfect gift for any sailor, rower, or old salt! Medium-X large \$17.00, XXL \$19.00, S&H \$4.50 in North America. We accept Visa, Master Card & American Express.

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**Marine Gear**: 2 galv dbl pulleys, 1 shaft, mntd on wooden block for 1/4" line. \$5. 16' 3/16" black nyl-on forestay w/turnbuckle & 2 14' 3/16" black nyl-on shrouds w/thimbles & turnbuckles. \$5. 2 galv 4" turnbuckles, 1 iron 4" turnbuckle, 1 alum 3" turnbuckle, 1 bronze 2" turnbuckle. \$5. 1 ea 1/8 & 3/8 shackles, 1 galv shackle w/3/4" throat. \$3. 8 galv 2" diam rings, 6 brass rings. \$3. Galv dbl pulley w/eye for 1/4" line. \$2. 4" galv chain. \$2. Single pulley flange mnt for 1/4" line. \$1. Galv screw ring-bolt, 3/8" shank, 3/4" ID eye. \$1. Hv hook w/1/2" eye ring. \$1. 6 S hooks. \$1. 2" snap hook & 1 w/ swivel. \$2. 2-1/2 pr turnbuckle jaws, 10 steel U clamps for 1/8" wire. \$5. 2 ton hydraulic jack. \$5. 1/3hp 110vac motor. \$5. Bit brace. \$2. Reciprocating sander. \$2. Fine grit grinding wheel, 3/8"x5-1/2", 1/2" hole. \$1. Spruce dinghy gaff, oval shaped, 1-1/2"x2-1/2"x104", nds refinishing. slight bend at foot, 1/4" 4"; Prints & instructions for building FB11 sailing dinghy, gd for float boat/load carrier, rows easily, smart sailer, beamy & stable. Incl stem, dagger board, frame parts, 1 frame, gussets & filler pieces. \$10. U pick up; Motor stand for 3hp-Shp. \$5. Goodyear tire, never used, still inflated on 4 hole trlr wheel. \$10. PFDs, 2 adult & 1 child's sizes. \$10. 18lb Danforth shackled to 50' of 1/2" nylon ope w/ whipped loop on end. N/C Items: Home made chain plates, SS 1/16"x1"; 1 3/8" x 6" bright steel lag screw; 2 1/4"-20 x 6" machine bolts w/hex heads; 1 1/2 x 3 x 7 carriage bolt w/ nuts; Plastic sleeve 3/4" ID x 4" length; Galv thimble for 1/4" line; 4-1/2" galv cleat; Jackknife w/3" blade, can opener, screw driver, bottle opener. How to Builds for small boats & a few compl plans for various others. Write & let me know if I can help you. Moving, so must empty hold. All prices negotiable.

JOE ROGERS, 24 Wood Terr., Framingham, MA 01702-5822, (508) 872-4206. (8)

#### GEAR WANTED

**Tilt Frame Trailer**, Gator type suitable for San Francisco Bay Pelican 12' long, 6' beam @ gunwales, 50" across bottom, weight 400lbs. Desire medium to gd cond. Can pick up w/fltd trlr. FRED MOLLER, 40 Endless Brook Rd., Wells, VT 05774, (802) 325-3411. (8)

**Folding Prop**, 17" x 10" x 1" RH.

JERRY GIBBS, Grand Haven, MI, (616) 842-4534, [<gwgibbs@chartermi.net>](mailto:<gwgibbs@chartermi.net>) (8)

#### BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Hard to Find Small Boat Magazines**: Before I toss these out, perhaps someone might find the following of interest: *Folding Kayaker*, 1st 35 Issues from Vol. 1 No. 1 thru Vol 7 No.3. \$10 postpaid. *Small Boat Journal*, Vol 1 No. 3, October '79, orig wide format \$5 postpaid. The following are offered at \$3 ea postpaid to introduce you to something different: *Watercraft*, superb glossy British bi-monthly, 3 issues. *Mains'l Haul*, "A Journal of Pacific Maritime History", 3 issues. *Paddles Past*, "Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association", 2 issues. *Ships In Scale*, "The Shipmodeler's Home Port". *Steamboat Bill*, "Journal of the Steamship Historical Society of America". *Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin*, British small boat newsletter. *Maritime Life & Traditions*, English language glossy French publication offered by *WoodenBoat*. *Open Water Rowing*, Issue 1 Number 1. \$1. All prices are to cover postage & handling. BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943, (978) 774-0906, 6-9pm best. (8)

**BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM:** Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" Manual \$2.00.

GLEN-L, Box 1804/MA2, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258, [www.Glen-L.com](http://www.Glen-L.com) (TFP)



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DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



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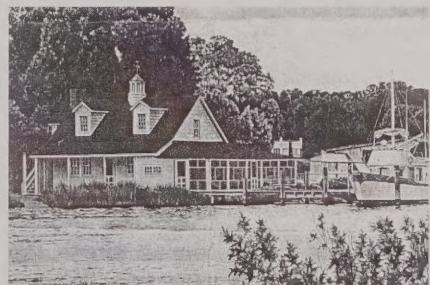


**Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat)**, Bolger design, 15'6" x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, [<davecarnell@att.net>](mailto:<davecarnell@att.net>) (TFP)

#### MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

**Swan's Island ME House Rental**, \$700/wk. Slps 4 or 5. Boat & kayak launching sites. 6 ferries daily. IVER LOFVING, Swan's Island, ME, (207) 773-9505 or (207) 526-4121. (TF)



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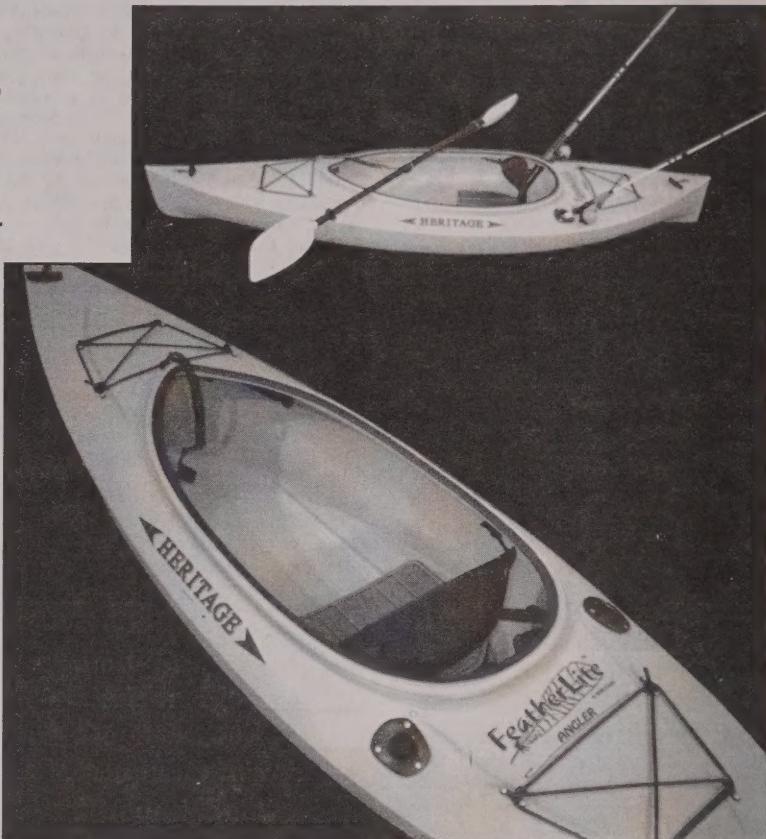
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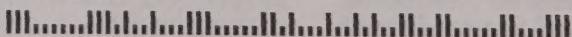
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